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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

The Travels of Macarius, Patriarch of Antioch; written in Arabic by his attendant Archdeacon, Paul of Aleppo. Translated by F. C. Belfour, A.M. 4to. London: Published for the Oriental Translation Fund, by Richard Bentley.

In the *Athenæum* (No. 304) will be found an account of the first volume of this work, and some particulars respecting the manuscript from which it has been translated. We are induced thus early to notice the first fasciculus of the second volume, because it contains some curious particulars of the condition of Russia during the reign of Alexis, the father of Peter the Great. He it was who prepared the way for the future prosperity of his successor, by recovering the provinces which the Poles had wrested from Russia, and by compelling the Russian nobles to pay something more than nominal allegiance to their sovereign. The manner in which Alexis treated his grantees is a curious proof of the complete barbarism of the Russians in the seventeenth century:—

"Last year, we were informed, he (the Emperor) set out with his nobles to visit one of the monasteries without the city; and whereas the large river Moskwa flows round the greatest part of the city, and his road lay over one of the bridges upon it, he left the bridge on one side, descended with his horse into the middle of the river where it was very deep and rapid, and arrived at the other side with his clothes all wet. Then he cried out to his nobles: 'He who does not pass over, where I have, loses his life!' His intention was merely to sport with them; for most of his courtiers were large, fat men. Fully sensible of the calamity which awaited them, and seeing no means of excuse or of flight, they descended to the river in the greatest vexation, and gave the reins to their horses. Most of them being heavy men, they sank up to their necks, and with difficulty kept their own and their horses' heads above the water; whilst the Emperor looked on, and laughed aloud at their distress. At length they waded over; and made the further bank, in the most wretched plight, with their favourite and fancy clothes dripping with wet. They immediately began to upbraid the Emperor with really intending the loss of their lives; but he answered them: 'My intention in this was to lessen your fat paunches, which you fed up, in my father's time, in rest and idleness.' Then he rode on with them, till they entered the church of the monastery; where they assisted at the mass from beginning to end, he being with them, with his wet clothes, and the water dripping from them: nor did he permit one of them to go out, till the mass was over. Then they all left the church, shivering; and they begged of him to let them go their ways, to change their clothes: but he would not part with them, till he had made them drink three cups of brandy, one after the other; saying: 'We have to-day earned great merit and a vast reward, having assisted at mass half-drowned as we were:' nor did he permit them to depart till the teeth of most of them chattered with a cold shivering. They also told us a story of him, that one Sunday he assisted, as usual, at

morning prayer. It is the custom for the Grantees to repair from their houses, and attend him on these occasions at prayers: it happened on this day, that they did not know of his going to his devotions so early, and put off their attendance on him till noon: he immediately wrote down the names of those who absented themselves, sent to fetch them from their houses with their hands tied behind their backs, had them carried down to the bank of the river Moskwa flowing near his palace, and ordered them all, with their fine clothes and gold brocades, to be thrown by the hands and feet into the water, whilst he talked to them, and said: 'This is your reward; which you have merited, by preferring sleep with your wives to the splendid lustre of this blessed day, and not coming forth to assist at morning prayers with your Emperor.'

The greatest difficulty which Peter the Great had to encounter in the commencement of his career, arose from the inordinate power usurped by the Russian clergy. Some notion of the mode in which the State was rendered subordinate to the Church, may be formed from the following anecdote:—

"But what most excited our admiration was, to see the Emperor standing with his head uncovered, whilst the Patriarch wore his crown before him; the one with his hands crossed in humility, the other displaying them with the action and boldness of an orator addressing his auditor; the one bowing his bare head in silence to the ground, the other bending his towards him with his crown upon it, speaking to him; the one guarding his senses and breathing low, the other making his voice ring like a loud bell; the one as if he were a slave, the other his lord. What a sight for us! God knows that our hearts ached for the Emperor."

When the work is completed we shall probably derive from it copious illustrations of the condition of Russia at the commencement of its career as an important political power in Europe.

Belgium and Western Germany in 1833; including Visits to Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Cassel, Hanover, the Harz Mountains, &c. &c. By Mrs. Trollope, Author of 'Domestic Manners of the Americans.' 2 vols. London: Murray.

We risked a few words last week in the way of prophecy respecting the contents of this work, not expecting to have the work itself so soon come in judgment against us; but the truth does not materially differ from the prediction, except that Mrs. Trollope writes throughout in a kindlier spirit than we had anticipated. She has, however, all becoming admiration for the Dutch, and their good king, and more than an occasional fling at 'les braves Belges,' and their superstitions, wishing Leopold subjects more worthy of him; she does think the society at Bruges delightful! and does exult over the blessings and bayonets of Prussia so soon as she crosses the frontier; but she is, on the whole, considerate and gentle in her judgment of the Belgian nation, having discovered that "the King of Holland still reigns in the hearts of the ma-

jority," and that it is the natural fear of new disturbances which alone keeps this "powerful majority" passive—and she does not favour us with a contemptuous display of the household virtues of the Belgian women, making them inimitably ridiculous, as she was so fortunate as to meet with a *French lady*, who gave her, what may certainly serve the purpose, the following clever sketch of the

*Journal of a Belgian Lady,
(NOT OF THE CAPITAL.)*

"She rises generally about seven o'clock, provided the children, who all sleep in her room, have permitted her to repose till so late an hour. Her toilet does not take long; a black petticoat being the only addition she makes to the cap and brown cotton wrapping-gown in which she sleeps. In this *equipe*, with one child in her arms, and half a dozen following her, she goes down to breakfast; which repast is often taken in the kitchen and lasts but a few moments, amidst cries and quarrellings for slices of bread and butter, and mugs of coffee.

"This trouble over, the lady commences the toilet of her little family; an operation which she always performs carefully and neatly, and the children are despatched to school.

"A general review of the mansion follows; and woe to the servants if any candle ends of the preceding night have been burned too low—if a single grain of dust be visible on the furniture, or a cup broken: for crimes of this cast ever become the subjects of most vehement reproach.

"At length the bell rings for mass; a morning dress, not peculiar for its elegance, succeeds to the first costume: a black cloak and hood is thrown over it; and, with a basket on her arm, she repairs to the church, and from thence to make bargains and execute commissions.

"This period, the happiest of her day, is prolonged till dinner. In the course of her peregrination she meets her acquaintance, and the most innocent little gossipings take place. It is now that she learns how much Mrs. Such-an-one gave beyond what she ought for a turbot; and, consequently, how very bad a manager she must be: while on the other hand, Mrs. Somebody is so stingy that she stands half an hour higgling about green peas;—Mrs. A. has given her maid warning; Mrs. B. has a sick baby; and the Curé has made a visit at least half an hour long to Miss C.

"And now the clock strikes twelve, and dinner leads everybody home. The children are returned from school; the tumult and the din begin again; and the young ones contrive to render the dinner as miserable as the breakfast. This dinner, however, is eaten in a handsome room, ornamented with mirrors, carpets, and so forth, but none of the thousand and one little prettinesses which constitute elegance and comfort. Everything is handsome and correct; and everything is heavy and gloomy. Its tenants know the wants of animal life, but little more: the dinner is good and abundant, but the conversation—nought.

"The meal ended and the dessert distributed among the children, peace is once more restored by their dismissal to school.

"The lady then places herself at her window with her work, which she continues without interruption till she goes to vespers; after which she gives the children their supper and puts

them to bed; then undresses herself, puts her hair into papillotes, says her prayers, and, while waiting the return of her spouse, amuses herself by chatting a little with the servants in the kitchen. A well-behaved husband is never later than nine: as soon as he appears, a substantial supper is served, and at ten the whole house is in a state of profound repose.

"This life, with very few exceptions, is that of all the ladies of —."

"If their minds do not greatly improve by it, their plumpness and fresh complexions prove at least that it agrees well with their constitutions. What can they wish for more? Of what use would mind be to them? A Fleming marries in order to have a housekeeper who will not cheat him—his dinner punctually served—his children kept clean—and his stockings mended. He asks for nothing more, and is perfectly contented with this. They are happy. What more can be desired?—nothing;—excepting, perhaps, the not being obliged to witness a happiness so insupportable."

But Mrs. Trollope, we repeat, has written in a kindlier spirit than we had anticipated; her first chapter opens the work gracefully and well, with the following pleasant picture of a Dairy Farm in the neighbourhood of Ostend:—

"The extremest cleanliness, the kindest civility, and a magnificent display of rich cream and Valenciennes lace, were among its most remarkable features. We observed also many indications of devout Catholicism. Dolls superbly dressed, with lesser dolls pinned to their stomachs, to represent the Virgin and Child, and crucifixes of various dimensions, were displayed in seven different nooks of the principal apartment."

"This room, which was very large, had a neat curtained bed. Its snow-white quilt and nicely flounced pillows looked as if it were intended only for show. We saw, however, in the kitchen, and other inferior rooms, preparations for sleeping less delicately, the beds being laid literally in cupboards ranged against the walls."

"Our lovely Swiss friend coaxed the good woman of the house to exhibit the stays she wore on great occasions. They were unquestionably of many pounds weight; and were furnished on both sides with iron bars, which, one should think, must enter, if not into her soul, at least into her heart, every time she stooped. * * *

"After a full examination of this 'foreign wonder,' we were shown many singularly-fashioned caps, bordered by the most delicate lace. Though the whole establishment had an air of comfort and plenty about it, the costly elegance of these decorations surprised me. But it was easy to perceive that a feeling of family dignity was attached to them. * * *

"The dairy at this house was really a beautiful sight, even though at one end of it we perceived a nymph skimming cream with her fingers. This, indeed, is the universal method; and if any thing could reconcile one to the strange operation, it would be the delicate rosy tips of the Rubens-like fingers we saw so employed."

"I have never in any country remarked finer crops than in the sandy plain round Ostend. The mode of husbandry is careful and laborious; but the returns are very great. The constant application of manure converts the arid soil into a fine loam; and every inch of it is as carefully weeded as the nicest garden. This fatiguing but necessary part of good husbandry is performed chiefly by women, who crawl along the ground on their hands and knees, and in this attitude appear to draw the weeds more effectually, and with less labour, than can be done by stooping."

"The ploughing of this district is, as may be supposed, peculiarly light; and is often performed by a single milch cow. No part of Flemish farming appeared to me more worthy of attention than the general management of their cows. They are constantly kept in stables, and fed twice in the day with green meat, of almost every possible variety of vegetation. The collecting this is one of the many agricultural labours constantly performed by women: and it is no inconsiderable feature in the picturesque aspect of the country, that groups of maids and matrons are perpetually seen bearing, with wonderful ease and activity of step, enormous loads of fresh-cut fodder on their heads. I have seen many a pair of bright eyes, and many a dimpled cheek, peeping out sometimes from a bush formed of the young shoots of forest-trees and not unfrequently from the thrifty gatherings of every weed, or handful of tufted grass that grows beside the road. That there is much economy of every thing but labour in this, is very evident; and, as far as I was able to judge, the cows prospered marvellously by this regular mode of furnishing their meals in the stall, instead of permitting them to be constantly browsing in the fields. I never met with either bad butter or adulterated milk; and it appeared to me that there was a greater abundance, and freer use of both, than I had been accustomed to see elsewhere."

But we cannot accompany even Mrs. Trollope through Belgium, but must rush at once to the neighbourhood of the Rhine. Here is her account of a visit to the buried monks at Kreutzberg:—

"I hardly know what we expected from this sepulchral examination; but it certainly must have been something very different from the reality; for we were jesting and laughing when the man arrived: and even when we saw the two lads, who accompanied him, raise the massy door, I believe not one of us felt any portion of the awe which the scene it opened to us was calculated to inspire. The sacristan, with a lighted candle in his hand, descended a dark and narrow flight of steps, desiring us to follow him: I was the first that did so; and I shall not soon forget the spectacle that met my eyes. On each side of us, as we entered the vault, was ranged a row of open coffins, each containing the dry and shrivelled body of a monk, in his robe and cowl. They are so placed as to be exposed to the closest examination both of touch and sight; and the remembrance of my walk through them still makes me shudder."

"The wonderful state of preservation in which these bodies remain, though constantly exposed to the atmosphere by being thus exhibited, is attributed by good Catholics to the peculiar sanctity of the place: but to those who do not receive this solution of the mystery, it is one of great difficulty. The dates of their interment vary from 1400 to 1713; and the oldest is quite as fresh as the most recent. There are twenty-six, fully exposed to view; and apparently many more beneath them. From the older ones, the coffins have either crumbled away, or the bodies were buried without them. In some of these ghastly objects the flesh is still full, and almost shapely upon the legs; in others it appears to be drying gradually away, and the bones are here and there becoming visible. The condition of the face also varies very greatly, though by no means in proportion to the antiquity of each. In many, the nose, lips, and beard remain; and in one, the features were so little disturbed, that

All unruined was his face,
We trusted his soul had gotten grace.

Round others, the dust lies where it had fallen,
as it dropped, grain by grain, from the mouldering cheeks; and the head grins from beneath the cowl

nearly in the state of a skeleton. The garments are almost in the same unequal degree of preservation: for in many the white material is still firm, though discoloured; while in others it is dropping away in fragments. The shoes of all are wonderfully perfect."

"The last person buried in this vault was one who acted as gardener to the community. His head is crowned with a wreath of flowers, which still preserves its general form: nay, the larger blossoms may yet be distinguished from the smaller ones; but the withered leaves lie mixed with his fallen hair on either side."

Here is a clever sketch from on board the steam-boat: it will make a pretty companion picture to the one by Sir Francis Head, extracted into our review of the 'Bubbles from the Brunns.' †

"My first study was a newly married pair. That they were such could not admit of a doubt. They were English, and came on board at Coblenz, with a handsome carriage, a smart man and maid servant, but no companion save each other. It was evident that he wanted no other; she was very pretty, and he was decidedly very much in love. Had she possessed but two grains more intelligence, the little scenes that passed between them would have been sacred, rather than ridiculous; but who could resist a smile at seeing the frequent yawn, hid in the embroidered handkerchief, as the enamoured young man sought to raise some of the delightful sensations he felt himself, by reading in her ear from a beautiful pocket Byron? * * * But it would not do: her eyes did not follow—nay, they did not even meet his. He was so really amiable and animated in his endeavours to amuse this fair automaton, that I sat musing as to what could be passing in her mind to render her so completely callous to all he could say or do; and at last I unravelled the mystery. It was not that she had given her hand without her heart—it was not that her fancy wandered back to some one more beloved—it was simply that she was hungry."

"After a long silence on her part, she whispered something in his ear; he darted from her side, gave a look forward, as I fancied, for his servant, but not seeing him, ran down the cabin stairs himself with dangerous velocity, and, after a short interval, returned with tidings which seemed greatly to cheer his companion. Again he sought to amuse her by reading—in vain. 'To beguile the time,' he should have 'looked like the time,' which was—of luncheon. At length a waiter appeared with a tray of smoking cutlets. I could hardly wonder that the young man was anxious to please his pretty bride; for I never saw smile more bright and beautiful than the one she gave him, as he prepared her plate, and arranged her feet upon a footstool, so as to make it steady on her lap. I only wished, for his sake, that it had been born of a more sentimental cause, than the apparition of a mutton steak. Yet after all it was hardly fair to quiz her for it. She had probably breakfasted at a miserably early hour; and who, under such circumstances, but would have smiled as sweetly as they could!"

With another party met with at a public ball at Mannheim, we must conclude for this week:—

"Close to the place where we had stationed ourselves was a group of females, consisting, I think, of two families, for there were two matronly women seated together, and four young girls, who, when not dancing, constantly returned to stand near them. Three of these were certainly sisters; the other was perhaps a cousin, or a friend, or an acquaintance; but it was clear that they had joined parties for the evening."

† See No. 331, p. 162.

The three sisters might have served as models, if not for the Graces, at least for Hebe; or any other goddess or nymph that should be represented as the personification of prettiness, health, and gaiety—fresh, fair, light-haired, bright-eyed beings, who looked as if they had nothing to do but to dance through life, throwing flowers and smiles about them as they went on. The solitary girl was a little yellow creature, with an undeniable pug nose; and, if her teeth were white, she had certainly no business with so extremely wide a mouth to display them. But this yellow little creature had a pair of eyes—such eyes! I might be able to describe them better had it been possible to look at them steadily for two minutes together;—but they sparkled, and shot, and darted about their glances at such a rate, that nobody could look full at them without winking. All, therefore, that I can positively say respecting these marvellous eyes is, that they were black, with lashes which, when she was merciful enough to look down, seemed to throw her face into shade. Her hair was black, too, parted upon her forehead, and just put behind her ears without any care or skill whatever; while one large knot collected the remainder of her neglected tresses at the back of her head. Her dress, too, was far unlike that of her fair companions. They were habited in delicate white muslin; while this strange little creature chose to show off her tawny complexion by wearing a plain dark frock, of very ordinary materials, and without the slightest attempt at ornament of any kind.

"Such was the party placed next to us; and they were surrounded by the smartest-looking young men in the room;—one, two, three,—I reckoned seven; who approached in succession before the dancing began. The blue-eyed beauties knew them all, for they smiled and nodded. The yellow girl knew them too; but instead of smiling, she poked up her brown shoulder at most of them, and talked assiduously to her mother; nevertheless, every one of them asked her to dance. Having promised the first, she shook her head without speaking, in reply to all the others, and appeared to take very little notice of any of them.

"At length the waltz began. The three beauties got partners too, and all darted off into the whirling circle together. When they came back again, the same scene was repeated, nay, worse, for even the partners of the fair girls would only talk to the brown one. I never watched such witchery. It was a single word, a single syllable, perhaps, that she carelessly bestowed on each; but the gipsy had some fascination about her that seemed to be irresistible; and she knew it; for she played her tricks and threw her glances with so much wilful mischief, that her pretty companions looked vexed, and their mother enraged, at her monopolizing proceedings."

Our extracts, it will be seen, have little relation to the subject-matter of the work, but are scenes from life, which is ever fresh, and universal in the sympathy it awakens. Our next notice may be a trifle more topographical, seeing that the route is not quite so tediously familiar.

The Angler in Wales; or, Days and Nights of Sportsmen. By Thomas Medwin, Esq., author of the 'Conversations of Lord Byron.' 2 vols. London: Bentley.

"What's in a name?" Those who look into this book, in the hopes of finding in it the incubations of an Izaak Walton Redivivus, will not be slow in discovering that they look in vain: except for the wood-cuts illustrative of Welsh scenery, two short legends, and a sprinkling of the language of the prin-

cipality, its scene might just as well have been laid on the Great St. Bernard, or much better in some East Indian Cantonment; for the rod and the line are merely used to connect a thousand scraps of anecdote and speculation, which it hath pleased their author thus to string together. While we confess to the amusement we have derived from some of these, (which our readers shall presently partake,) we enter our protest against the moral tone of the work, which has too much of scorn in it for our taste, too much of that bad and blighting philosophy implied, which is absurdly out of place in a book whose title leads us to think only of the natural world, where innocence, and peace, and purity of feeling should abide. The searing, sneering style may be borne, when the scene is laid in the city, among the artifices and littlenesses of mankind; but to carry it into Nature's fastnesses, and fair lonely haunts, is a mockery which we cannot endure, or pass over in silence.

Having thus relieved our consciences, we shall extract some few anecdotes, which we think may interest our readers, and shall introduce them with as few superfluous words as possible.

An Anecdote of the late Duke of Norfolk and his King James's Spaniels.—"Our Marlborough and King James's spaniels are unrivalled in beauty.

"The latter breed, that are black and tan, with hair almost approaching to silk in fineness (such as Vandyke loved to introduce into his portraits), were solely in the possession of the late Duke of Norfolk. He never travelled without two of his favourites in the carriage. When at Worksp, he used to feed his eagles with the pups; and a stranger to his exclusive pride in the race, seeing him one day employed in thus destroying a whole litter, told his Grace how much he should be delighted to possess one of them. The old brute's reply was a characteristic one:—"Pray, sir, which of my estates should you like to have?"

A Swine Hunt in Tuscany.—"I will tell you a narrow escape I had some years ago in Tuscany. R— and myself having heard of a flight of corks, had gone down into the Maremma to shoot. You have heard of the Maremma. It possesses an almost interminable extent of morasses, 'overgrown with long, rank grasses,' and hillocks, as Shelley beautifully describes, 'heaped with moss-enwoven turf,' a wilderness of putridity and desolation. It was the month of November, before which time it is dangerous to set foot there, for, till the first frosts, even many of the fever-stricken serfs forsake it. In the eagerness of sport we had been led farther than we calculated from our albergo, a solitary, wretched hovel, bordering on the marsh, the abode of the most ghastly, yellow, emaciated objects in human form I ever beheld, except some of the cayenne'd, curry-dried, liver-worm Anglo-East-Indians we left at Cheltenham. The sun was fast setting, and we had still two miles to make, and were coasting along the edge of a knoll, thickly set with huge and speckled aloes, intermingled here and there with stunted ilexes, and chesnuts, and with the strawberry-tree, then bright with its globes of deep red gold, when methought I heard a rustling among the branches, and a sound like that of the grinding of teeth. I noticed it to my companion. He suddenly turned ashy pale, and whispered hysterically, 'We are near a herd of swine!'

"Vast numbers, I should have told you, are turned out in the fall of the leaf, to fatten here, and become so savage and wild, that none but their keepers dare approach them, and, cased as they are in an almost impenetrable mail of

leather, even they sometimes fall victims to the ferocity of these brutes.

"It is well for us," continued my friend, "that there is a hut within a few hundred yards. Let us lose no time in making for it." As he spoke, the sounds became louder, and I saw some hundred hogs emerging on all sides from the brush-wood, grunting fiercely, and gnashing their teeth in unison. They were huge, gaunt, long-legged, long-headed, and long-backed creatures, giants of their species—spectral monsters, more like starved blood-hounds than swine. * * *

"They now mustered their forces in battle array, outside the thicket, and commenced the attack in a systematic and regularly-concerted manner, the veterans of the herd directing the movements of the hostile band, and one, by a deeper grunt, not ill resembling the word of command of a certain General, *à la grecque* of our acquaintance, giving dreadful notes of preparation, as if to sploit on the line to a charge. * * *

"The danger was to us more imminent; for you had only a single enemy to deal with. We made our way with difficulty through the rotten and yielding morass, leaping from tuft to tuft, and risking, by a false slip, to plunge into a bottomless abyss, whilst our blood-thirsty pursuers, with their long legs and lanky sides, and tucked-up bellies, advanced, a fearful phalanx, in semi-lunar curve, momentarily gaining ground! My friend, who was more accustomed to the bogs than myself, soon outstripped me, not daring to look behind. Once, and once only, did I, and beheld them coming on like a pack of hounds in full cry, and with the scent breast high, and, to my horror, perceived the two horns, or wings, of the troop, making an *echelon* movement in an ever-narrowing circle, like a regiment of cavalry bringing their right and left shoulders forward, to outflank, and then enclose us. I dared not risk a second glance at my foes, but the hoarse voices of the ringleaders ran through the ranks, and I heard and saw the plash of their many feet, as they turned up the mud but a few yards in my rear.

"How I reached the hut I know not, but reach it I did, when I found my friend leaning against the wall, breathless with terror. The shed was rudely constructed of peat, and appeared to have been long deserted, consisting only of bare walls and a few rafters; but, providentially, there was a door hanging by one hinge: this I contrived to shut just as the centre of the herd reached the threshold. They made a halt, retired a few paces and collected together, as if to hold a council of war. Whilst they were undecided how to act, we discharged our four barrels loaded with small shot, from the window, at the nearest, who slowly limping, with a sullen grunt of disappointment (reminding me of yon bull), the whole of their comrades at their heels, retreated into the covert."

Glover, the Landscape Painter's fondness for Birds.—"Glover, the celebrated landscape-painter, who has withdrawn himself to a new world, having exhausted the old, carried, perhaps, his knowledge of birds beyond that of any man who ever lived. It was his custom, in the summer-season, to visit the most romantic parts of England and Wales, and there to pitch his tent and draw and colour from nature. He chose for his retirement the vicinity of some unfrequented village, and, being very abstemious in his diet, contented himself with the humble fare that the nearest ale-house afforded. His sole companions in these excursions were birds, with whom he held colloquy, professing perfectly to understand their language, and to have made them conversant with his own. Pigeons were his favourites, as being most intelligent: of the latter species, he had one who would sit on his shoulder while he was at work, and who, when evening came, was wont, at a given signal, to fly home and

await his master's return. One day the artist made a circuitous route, and being interested with sketching some newly discovered scene, or catching some extraordinary effect of light, forgot the hour, when he was surprised at seeing the little creature soaring above his head, and at length alighting on his accustomed perch. When seated there, it expressed, by the querulous tones of its voice and the sharpness of its beak, its displeasure, which Glover was for a while puzzled to divine the occasion of. He soon, however, threw him up in the air, and pointed towards the encampment; but his attached friend resumed his old post, and would not be driven away, nor would ever afterwards be induced to lose sight of him, being afraid, as the painter said, that it was his intention to give him the slip. Starlings, he used to say, were possessed of great genius; and being asked which of the feathered tribes were the least so, after a pause, he replied, sparrows—not that they wanted *talent*, but that they were *vulgar fellows*.

"He had made the habits of birds so much his study, that when a lark was hovering over a field, he could tell whether the songster had eggs, a callow brood, or if the young were full-fledged; in fact, Jean Jacques was a mere ignoramus compared with him. It is a pity he did not leave us, before he went to the New World, a complete grammar and dictionary of the particular language of each species, and an exact prosody for rightly comprehending the intonation of the words. Thus, perhaps, he was convinced that nightingales or thrushes (the finest songsters, by the bye, of the two) do not sing for the pleasure of singing, but of conversing with one another and conjugating the verb 'love.'"

So much for the first volume—the second is the more interesting, but is still more discursive: it contains tales of hair-breadth 'scapes, and sentiment for those whom it may concern—but what we have to do with, are its realities; and the following extracts from a letter relative to Lord Byron's latter days in Greece, require no comment:—

"Forrester, afterwards surgeon on board of the Convict ship lost off Boulogne, and who went down with her, poor fellow! wrote two very interesting letters describing a visit to him at Missolonghi, a few weeks before Byron's death.

"Missolonghi is just as wretched a collection of houses and huts as can be well imagined. It stands in the recess of a large and shallow bay, upon a morass which extends from the bay to the foot of the hills, which rise two or three miles inland. The season was very rainy and the houses were insulated among mire and water—the communication being kept up by stepping-stones and attempts at *trottoirs*, which resembled low walls, in passing over which, the least loss of equilibrium would plunge the unfortunate peripatetic in deep mud. A visit to Lord Byron was our first step on landing; his abode was a tolerable house close to the part of the beach most convenient for landing or going afloat. It had, for the place, great pretension, and was approached by a gateway opening into a little miry court-yard, surrounded by a wall, with some small offices on one side. The principal and only tolerable room was approached by an outward stair. Three sides were furnished with sofas in the Turkish taste. A deal shelf, apparently stuck against the wall, was loaded with books; the floor was encumbered with packing-cases, some nailed down, some opened; the latter filled with books, as, I took for granted, were the former. Round the walls were appended to numerous nails and pegs, fowling-pieces and pistols of various descriptions and nations; sabres and yataghans. The corridor or antichamber, or whatever else it might be termed, swarmed with Mainotes and others, armed to the teeth.

We were ushered in by Tita, his Lordship's chasseur, who reminded me of the French Sapeurs, as he wore a bushy beard, with his livery, which was set off by two silver epaulettes. He was an immense fellow, upwards of six feet in height, and although well-proportioned for such a herculean figure, his frame was too large and heavy, for his stature to come within the description of elegant. His page was a young Greek, dressed as an Albanian or Mainote, with very handsomely chased arms in his girdle, and his *maitre-d'hôtel*, or *fac-totum*, an honest looking, though not remarkably elastic Northumbrian, named Fletcher, who seemed, and doubtless with reason, a great favourite with his master.

"On sitting down to dinner, which, to deliver us from plague and pestilence, was set on a deal table, without the intervention of a cloth, he laughingly apologised for his table, which, from the circumstances wherein he was then placed, was not, as he said, *trop bien montée*; but he felt the less annoyed when he reflected that persons of our profession understood those things, and were of course prepared for all sorts of privations. He then bustled about, actively assisted by Fletcher, who was but poorly aided by the Greek menials in placing the dishes to the best advantage, drawing corks, and all the *et cætera* of the table. To dispose the table was rendered a service of some difficulty by its compendiousness. On opening a bottle of wine, and inspecting the complexion of its contents, his lordship questioned Fletcher as to its name and lineage. 'I really don't know, my lord,' was the reply. 'Then away with it,' he rejoined;—'I hate anonymous wine.'"

"One observation of his I must not forget to notice. When speaking of the Ionian Islands, he observed:—'On returning to them, I formed a very different, and a much more favourable opinion than I had before entertained, and expressed, of Sir Thomas Maitland's administration. In short, I found them getting rich under it.'—On being asked if he had seen him when at Corfu, he said:—'I called on him, and he was in the country.'"

"On looking over the arms about the room, his lordship asked the principal of the party if he would like to try a shot with pistols? On his answering affirmatively, they walked up to the landing-place of the outside stairs, from which they fired at Maraschino bottles, placed on a pilaster in the court, upward of twelve paces off. They had an equal number of shots. Byron struck each time. His antagonist missed once, although a very good shot. But one of Lord Byron's was excellent: the upper rim of a bottle which his competitor broke, fell on the top of the pilaster, and remained there, reduced to a size not much larger than a finger ring. Instead of having another bottle placed, he took aim at this fragment, and reduced it to dust. His precision was the more surprising, because his hand shook as if under the influence of an ague fit, and the time he took to take aim would have made any other man's hand unsteady. On trying at the same marks, placed out of everything like pistol-range, neither succeeded. As each fired, a large Labrador (*Bull*) dog, named Lion, ran and picked up the bottle, which he laid at the bottom of the stair. I remarked to Lord Byron, as we were laughing at his officiousness, 'That is an honest tyke of yours.'—'Oh! oh!' he replied, 'I find you are half a Scotsman of mine.'—'I answered I was a whole Scotsman.'—'Then we are half countrymen,' said he; 'my mother was Scotch.'"

There are many reminiscences of the Italian Coterie, to be found in these volumes, with a lost stanza of 'Childe Harold,' never before printed, as Capt. Medwin assures us.

"I will repeat a stanza of Lord Byron's, written under the Lombardo-Venetian Arms

when he left Venice in disgust for Ravenna, and which verses, perhaps, he had some idea of one day incorporating with the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, but there is reason enough why he should not have made them public during his stay in Italy:—

"Aloft the necks of that vile Vulture rear
The Caps which Kings once bow'd to, and thus seek,
Lifting that headless crown in empty air,
To mark their mockery. In each double beak
Too well do they the insatiate ravening speak
Of a most craven bird, that drains the blood
Of two abandoned carcasses, that reek
Festering in their corruption—never brood
Gorged its rapacious maw with a more carrion food."

We have left many fragments of interest untouched, and can only wish, in taking leave of the 'Angler in Wales,' that he was less a man of the world, and had more of the poet, in the legitimate and *holy* sense of the word, in his heart: the book might then have been delightful.

Philip Van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance. Second Notice.

Mr. Taylor introduces us to the future heroine of the second part of his drama in a lyrical poem of great sweetness, which shows a profound knowledge of that most difficult and painful object of study, the heart of a woman for whom genius, imagination, and an intense capacity for affection, have earned no other portion than disappointment and shame, a weary and a reckless spirit. Elena, the Italian girl, with the beauty, and the passionate love of beauty, of her clime, is a fore-doomed creature: we see how quickly she will lavish the treasures of her thoughts and affections—how inevitably she will be bankrupt of all. This is not the place to moralize, or we might be tempted to say one word as to the means of preserving some of these, the world's most precious and delicate victims, from their woful fate: for, that wisdom and christian love could devise means, it were profane to doubt;—but wide, wide, are we from that point where the weak is strengthened on his weakest side, and the strong scorned and hated for abusing his strength.

The character of Elena stands in striking contrast to the lofty purity and calmness of Adriana: spite of the faultlessness of the latter—perhaps because of it—we are compelled to acknowledge that Elena is the more interesting dramatic person. We suspect that the poet did not intend this, and that the effect is at variance with his own convictions and wishes—but thus it is, and will be. We are like weak mothers, who love their children in proportion to the care and sorrow, the watchings and the heart-aches, they have suffered for their sakes: we feel that the wholly virtuous are raised into a region where they need not our pity; that the bitterest griefs, the dreariest wants, of the human heart, *they* can never know; and as to death, what is it to them but the ascent into that Empyrean in which their thoughts have ever dwelt? And thus are nature and humanity in some sort avenged: we are forced to give our sympathy—our painful sympathy—to those to whom we will not give wise nurture, and timely and watchful guidance;—the one is mere obedience to an instinct—the other would require labour and self-denial.

The history of Elena's few and evil days is traced from her childhood. She was one

of those whose very perfections "give birth to fewer hopes than fears."

For seldom smiled
The serious child,
And as she passed from childhood, grew
More far between those smiles, and few,
More sad and wild.
And though she loved her father well,
And though she loved her mother more,
Upon her heart a sorrow fell,
And napped it to the core.
And in her father's castle nought
She ever found of what she sought,
And all her pleasure was to roam
Amongst the mountains far from home,
And through thick woods, and wheresoe'er
She saddest felt, to sojourn there.

Amidst these woods and mountains, and on
the bosom of her beautiful lake, her heart is
divided between the visions of romance with
which her own imagination supplied her, and
the intense love of the outward beauty by
which she was surrounded:—

Much dreaming these, yet was she much awake
To portions of things earthly, for the sake
Whereof, as with a charm, away would flit
The phantoms, and the fever intermit.
Whatso' of earthly things presents a face
Of outward beauty, or a form of grace,
Might not escape her, hidden though it were
From courtly cognisance; 'twas not with her
As with the tribe who see not nature's beauties
Save by the festal lights of gay saloons:
Beauty in plain attire her heart could fill—
Yea, though in beggary, 'twas beauty still.
Devoted thus to what was fair to sight,
She loved too little else, nor this aright,
And many disappointments could not cure
This born obliquity, or break the lure
Which this strong passion spread: she grew not wise,
Nor grows: experience with a world of sighs
Purchased, and tears and heart-break have been hers,
And taught her nothing: where she erred she errs.

All the evil that is to follow—the dark
night rendered more dark by the bright
gleam which precedes it—is revealed to us
in anticipation in the foregoing lines. The
next step is easily guessed. Truly the poet
says—

The feeling which possessed her now
Was novel in degree alone;
Love early marked her for his own;
Soon as the winds of Heaven had blown
Upon her, had the seed been sown
In soil which needed not the plough;
And passion with her growth had grown,
And strengthened with her strength, and how
Could love be new, unless in name,
Degree, and singleness of aim?
A tenderness had filled her mind
Pervasive, viewless, undefined;—
As keeps the subtle fluid off
Its secret, gathering in the soft
And sultry air, till felt at length
In all its desolating strength,
So silent, so devoid of dread,
Her objectless affections spread;
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered
At large where'er her fancy wandered;
Till one attraction, one desire
Concentrated all the scattered fire;
It broke, it burst, it blazed again,
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,
O'er Earth below and Heaven above,—
And then it took the name of love.

The manner in which these two early, un-
checked propensities—passionate love of
material beauty, and boundless indulgence of
imagination—take their most dangerous form,
and create the most fatal of all illusions, is
sketched in two or three pages, with singular
rapidity, skill, and truth: the object that first
enchained the eye is quickly invested by the
imagination with all it wants. The breaking
of the charm is thus faithfully traced:—

The goddess, that with cruel mirth
The daughters and the sons of earth
Mismatched, hath a cunning eye
In twisting of a treacherous tie;
Nor is she backward to perceive
That loftier milder to lower cleave
With ampler love (as that which flows
From a rich source) than these to those;
For still the source, not object, gives
The daily food wherewith love lives.
The well-spring of his love was poor
Compared to her's; his gifts were fewer;

The total light that was in him
Before a spark of her's grew dim;
Too high, too grave, too large, too deep,
Her love could neither laugh nor sleep;
And thus it tired him; his desire
Was for a less consuming fire:
He wished that she should love him well,
Not wildly; wished her passion's spell
To charm her heart, but leave her fancy free;
To quicken converse, not to quell;
He granted her to sigh, for so could he;
But when she wept, why should it be?
'Twas irksome, for it stole away
The joy of his love-holiday.
Bred of such uncongenial mood
At length would some dim doubt intrude
If what he felt, so far below
Her passion's pitch, were love or no.
With that the common day-light's beam
Broke in upon his morning dream,
And as that common day advanced
His heart was wholly unentranced.

Then come the despair and the reckless-
ness, with their false lights and fervid excite-
ment:—

So meet extremes; so joy's rebound
Is highest from the hollowest ground;
So vessels with the storm that strive
Pitch higher as they deeper drive.
Well had it been if she had curbed
These transports of a mind disturbed;
For grief is then the worst of foes
When, all intolerant of repose,
It sends the heart abroad to seek
From weak recoils exemptions weak;
After false gods to go astray,
Deck altars vile with garlands gay,
And place a paint-d form of stone
On Passion's abdicated throne.

Comparing herto a child, who tries to repair
the ruin of its devastated garden by sticking
it gaily over with gathered flowers, the poet
says—

The other child, beneath whose zone
Were passions fearfully full-grown,—
She too essayed to deck the waste
Where love had grown, which love had graced,
With false adornments, flowers not fruit,
Fast-fading flowers, that strike no root,—
With pleasures alien to her breast,
That bloom but briefly at the best,
The world's sad substitute for joys
To minds that lose their equipoise.

We are thus prepared to find her a wan-
derer from her native home, and the inmate
of a prince's palace,—admired and despised,
courted and desolate, gay and wretched.

The second part of the drama shows us
this beautiful creature,—who, in her despair,
had sunk to be the mistress of the Duke of
Bourbon,—a willing captive to Philip Van
Artevelde, now the triumphant leader of the
rebel Flemings, and the widowed husband of
Adriana.

The effect of his successes, and of his be-
reavement, on his mind, we first gather here:

Artevelde. Then come with me; we'll cast a casual
eye
On them that keep the watch:—though sooth to say,
I wish my day's work over,—to forget
This restless work, and slumber like a babe;
For I am very tired—yea, tired at heart.
Van Ryk. Your spirits were wont to bear you up
more freshly.

If I might speak, my lord, my humble mind,
You have not, since your honoured lady's death,
In such a sovereignty possessed yourself,
As you were wont to say that all men should.
Your thoughts have been more inwardly directed,
And led by fancies; should I be too bold
And let my duty lag behind my love,
To put you thus in mind, I crave your pardon.

Art. That was a loss, Van Ryk; that was a loss.
The love betwixt us was not as the flush
And momentary kindling in warm youth;
But marriage and what term of time was given
Brought hourly increase to our common store.
Well—I am now the sport of circumstance,
Driven from my anchorage,—yet deem not thou
That I my soul surrender to the past.
In chains and bondage:—that it is not so,
Bear witness for me long and busy days,
Which jostling and importunate affairs
So push and elbow, they but seldom leave
Shy midnight uninvaded. No, Van Ryk;
At eve returning wearied to my tent,
If sometimes I may seem to stray in thought,
Seeking what is not there, the mood is brief,
The operative function within call,

Nor know I that for any little hour
The weal of Flanders (if I may presume
To hook it on my hours) is yielded up
To idle thought, or vacant retrospect.
But now this body, exigent of rest,
Will needs put in a claim. One round we'll take,
And then to bed.

And in a scene of great beauty, which,
spite of its length, we must extract nearly
entire:—

Artevelde. The world declares us lovers, you have
heard.

Elena. My lord?

Art. The world, when men and women meet,
Is rich in sage remark, nor struts to strew
With roses and with myrtles fields of death.
Think you that they will grow?

Elena. My lord, your pardon;
You speak in such enigmas, I am lost,
And cannot comprehend you.

Art. Do I so?
That was not wont to be my fault. In truth,
There is a season when the plainest men
Will cease to be plain-spoken; for their thoughts
Plunge deep in labyrinths of flowers and thorns,
And very rarely to the light break through.
Whilst much they wander darkling. Yet for once
Let love be marshalled by the name of love,
To meet such entertainment as he may.

Elena. I have been much unfortunate, my lord;
I would not love again.

Art. And so have I;
Nor man nor woman more unfortunate,
As none more blessed in what was taken from him!
Dearest Elena,—of the living dearest,—
Let my misfortunes plead, and know their weight
By knowing of the worth of what I lost.
She was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touched
No vital cord nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!

Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,
Its small disquietudes and insect signs
Disturbed her never, she was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.
Such was her inward being, which to fit
With answerable grace of outward favour,
Nature bestowed corporeal beauty bright,
Formed in such mood of passionate conception
As when the Godhead, from a dream of love
Awaking, with poetic rapture seized,
Substantiates the vision, and the form
His dreaming fancy feigned, creates alive.
These are but words.

Elena. My lord, they're full of meaning.
Art. No, they mean nothing—that which they would
speak

Sinks into silence—'tis what none can know
That knew not her—the silence of the grave—
Whence could I call her radiant beauty back,
It could not come more savouring of Heaven
Than it went hence—the tomb received her charms
In their perfection, with nor trace of time
Nor stain of sin upon them; only death
Had turned them pale. I would that you had seen her
Alive or dead.

Elena. I wish I had, my lord;
I should have loved to look upon her much;
For I can gaze on beauty all day long,
And think the all-day-long is but too short.

Art. She was so fair that in the angelic choir
She will not need put on another shape
Than that she bore on earth. Well, well,—she's gone,
And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief
Are transitory things no less than joy,
And though they leave us not the men we were,
Yet they do leave us. You behold me here
A man bereaved, with something of a blight
Upon the early blossoms of his life
And its first verdure, having nor the less
A living root, and drawing from the earth
Its vital juices, from the air its powers;
And surely as man's health and strength are whole
His appetites regenerate, his heart
Reopens, and his objects and desires
Shoot up renewed. What blank I found before me
From what is said you partly may surmise:
How I have hoped to fill it, may I tell?

Elena. I fear, my lord, that cannot be.
Art. Indeed!
Then am I doubly hopeless. What is gone,
Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings of the soul,
Nor memory's tricks nor fancy's invocations,—
Thought tears went with them frequent as the rain
In dusk November, sighs more sadly breathed
Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead,—
Can bring again; and should this living hope,
That like a violet from the other's grave
Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled soil
Finding moist nourishment,—this seedling spring
Where recent grief had like a ploughshare passed

Through the soft soul, and loosened its affections—
Should this new blossomed hope be coldly nipped,
Then were I desolate indeed! a man
Whom heaven would wreathe from earth, and nothing
leaves

But care and quivers, trouble and distraction,
The heavy burdens and the boils of life
Is such my doom? Nay, speak it, if it be.

Elena. I said I feared another could not fill
The place of her you lost, being so fair
And perfect as you give her out.

Art. 'Tis true,
A perfect woman is not as a coin,
Which being gone, its very duplicate
Is counted in its place. Yet waste so great
Might you repair, such wealth you have of charms
Luxuriant, albeit of what were her's
Rather the contrast than the counterpart.
Colour, to wit—complexion—her's was light
And gladdening; a roseate tincture shone
Trans-parent in its place, her skin elsewhere
White as the foam from which in happy hour
Sprang the Italian Venus: yours is clear
But bloodless, and though beautiful as night
In cloudless ether clad, not frank as day:
Such is the tint of your adversity;
Serenely radiant she, you darkly fair.
Elena. Dark still has been the colour of my fortunes,
And having not serenity of soul,
How should I wear the aspect?

Art. Wear it not;
Wear only that of love.

Elena. Of love! alas!
That is its opposite. You counsel me
To scatter this so melancholy mist
By calling up the hurricane. Time was
I had been prone to counsel such as yours;
Adventurous I have been, it is true,
And this foolishly heart would brave—nay court,
In other days, an enterprise of passion;
Yea, like a witch, would whistle for a whirlwind.
But I have been admonished; painful years
Have tamed and taught me: I have suffered much.
Kind Heaven but grant tranquillity! I seek
No further boon.

Art. And may not love be tranquil?
Elena. It may in some; but not as I have known it.

Art. Love, like an insect frequent in the woods,
Will take the colour of the tree it feeds on;
As saturnine or sanguine is the soul,
Such is the passion. Brightly upon me,
Like the red sunset of a stormy day,
Love breaks anew beneath the gathering clouds
That roll around me! Tell me, sweet Elena,
May I not hope, or rather can I hope,
That for such brief and bounded space of time
As are my days on earth, you'll yield yourself
To love me living and to mourn me dead?

What was the love, and what the mourning,
with which this prayer was answered, we best
see in the following true and beautiful ex-
pression of the anxious self-distrust of deep
affection, and in the final scene:—

Elena. How can I please him when I cannot speak?
When he is absent I am full of thought,
And fruitful in expression inwardly,
And fresh and free and cordial is the flow
Of my ideal and unheard discourse,
Calling him in my heart endearing names
Familiarly fearless. But alas!
No sooner is he present than my thoughts
Are breathless and bewitched, and stunted so
In force and freedom, that I ask myself
Whether I think at all, or feel, or live,
So senseless am I!

• • • • •
Your grave and wise
And melancholy men, if they have souls,
As commonly they have, susceptible
Of all impressions, lavish most their love
Upon the lithe and sportive, and on such
As yield their want, and chase their sad excess,
With jocund salutations, nimbly talk,
And buoyant bearing. Would that I were merry!
Mirth have I valued not before; but now
What would I give to be the laughing fount
Of gay imaginations ever bright,
And sparkling fantasies! Oh, all I have,
Which is not nothing, though I prize it not;
My understanding soul, my brooding sense,
My passionate fancy, and the gift of gifts
Dearest to woman—which delecting Time,
Show ravisher, from clenched fist fingers wrings—
My corporal beauty would I barter now
For such an antic and exulting spirit
As lives in lively women.

At the end, the Italian fire which, in
Elena's youth, shone with such a fatal and
ominous lustre, bursts forth in one fierce
blaze,—like lightning, short, deathful, and
terrible,—and leaves black night behind it.
Philip is defeated, and basely stabbed in the

back by Sir Fleureant of Heurlede, a traitor,
whose life he had formerly spared.

*The field is strewn with the dead and wounded, and
other wreck of the battle. In front is the body of
VAN ARTEVELDE. ELENA is kneeling beside it.
VAN RYK and one of VAN ARTEVELDE'S Pages are
standing near. Trumpets are heard from time to
time at a distance.*

Van Ryk. Bring her away. Hark! hark!

Page. She will not stir.
Either she does not hear me when I speak,
Or will not seem to hear.

Van R. Leave her to me.
Fly, if thou lov'st thy life, and make for Ghent.

*Madam, arouse yourself; the French come last:
I pray you hear: it was his last command
That I should take you hence to Ghent by Olsen.*

Elena. I cannot go on foot.

Van R. No, lady, no,
You shall not need; horses are close at hand.
Let me but take you hence. I pray you, come.

Elena. Take him then too.

Van R. The enemy is near
In hot pursuit; we cannot take the body.

Elena. The body! Oh!

Duke of Burgundy. What hideous cry was that?
What are ye? Flemings? Who art thou, old sir?
Who she that flung that long funeral note
Into the upper sky? Speak.

Van R. What I am,
Yourself have spoken. I am, as you said,
Old and a Fleming. Younger by a day
I could have wished to die; but what of that?
For death to be behind-hand but a day
Is but a little grief.

Duke of Burg. Well said, old man,
And who is she?

Van R. Sir, she is not a Fleming.

*Enter the King, the Duke of Bourbon, the
Earl of Flanders, Sir Fleureant of Heurlede,
the Constable, Tristram of Lestovet,
the Lord of Coucy, and many other Lords and
Knights, with Guards and Attendants.*

King. What is your parley, uncle? who are these?
Duke of Burg. Your majesty shall ask them that
yourself.

King. Come on, come on!
We've sent a hundred men to search the field
For Artevelde's dead body.

Sir Fleur. Sure, for that
You shall need seek no further; there he lies.

King. What, say so? What! this Van Arte-
velde?

God's me! how sad a sight!
Lift up his head.

Sir Oliver of Clisson. Sir Fleureant, is it he?
Sir Fleur. Sirs, this is that habilliment of flesh
Which clothed the spirit of Van Artevelde
Some half an hour ago. Between the ribs
You'll find a wound, whereof so much of this

As is imbrued with blood, denotes the depth.
King. Oh me! how sad and terrible he looks!
He hath a princely countenance. Alas!
I would he might have lived, and taken service
Upon the better side!

Duke of Burg. And who is she?
(ELENA raises her head from the body).

Duke of Burg. That I can answer: she's a traitress
vile.

The villain's paramour.
Sir Fleur. Beseech you, sir,
Believe it not; he was not what you think.
She did affect him, but in no such sort
As you impute, which she can promptly prove.

Elena (springing upon her feet). 'Tis false! thou
liest! I was his paramour.

Duke of Burg. Oh, shameless harlot! dost thou
boast thy sin?

Aye, down upon the carrion once again!
Ho, guards! dispart her from the rebel's carcase,
And hang it on a gibbet. Thus and thus
I spit upon and spurn it.

*Elena (snatching ARTEVELDE'S dagger from its
sheath).* Misanthrope foul!

Black-hearted felon!
(Aims a blow at the Duke of Bourbon,
which Sir Fleureant intercepts).

Aye, dost baulk me! there—
As good for thee as him.

(Stabs Sir Fleureant, who falls dead).

Duke of Burg. Seize her! secure her! tie her hand
and foot!

What! routed we a hundred thousand men
Here to be slaughtered by a crazy venge!

(The guards rush upon ELENA: VAN RYK
interposes for her defence; after some
struggle, both are struck down and slain).

Duke of Burg. So! curst untoward vermin! are
they dead?

His very curse breeds maggots of despite!
Duke of Burg. I did not bid them to be killed.

Captain of the Guard.

They were so sturdy and so desperate
We could not else come near them.

King. Uncle, lo!
The Knight of Heurlede, too, stone dead.

By Heaven,
This is the strangest battle I have known!
First we've to fight the foe, and then the captives.

Duke of Burg. Take forth the bodies. For the
woman's corpse.

Let it have christian burial. As for his,
The arch-insurgent's, hang it on a tree
Where all the host may see it.

Duke of Burg. Brother, no;
It were not for our honour, nor the king's,
To use it so. Dire rebel though he was,
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts
Was he endowed: courage, discretion, wit,
An equal temper and an ample soul,
Rock-bound and fortified against assaults
Of transitory passion, but below
Built on a surging subterranean fire
That stirred and lifted him to high attempts
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,
He nothing lacked in sovereignty but the right;
Nothing in soldiiership except good fortune.
Wherefore with honour lay him in his grave,
And thereby shall increase of honour come
Unto their arms who vanquished one so wise,
So valiant, so renowned! Sirs, pass we on,
And let the bodies follow us on biers.
Wolf of the weald, and yellow-footed kite,
Enough is spread for you of meener prey.
Other interment than your maws afford
Is due to these. At Courtray we shall sleep,
And there I'll see them buried side by side.

In the foregoing extracts, we have fol-
lowed, perhaps rather too exclusively, the
course of Elena's fortunes. We have room
but for one passage of a different character,
and must then have done. The following is
another proof of the earnest and lofty elo-
quence which we mentioned in our former
article as a striking characteristic of the
author. It is Artevelde's answer to the mes-
senger of the Duke of Bourbon:—

You speak of insurrections: bear in mind
Against what rule my father and myself
Have been insurgent; whom did we supplant?—
There was a time, so ancient records tell,
There were communities, scarce known by name
In these degenerate days, but once far-famed,
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,
Ordered the common weal; where great men grew
Up to their natural eminence, and none
Serving the wise, just, eloquent, were great;
Where power was of God's gift, to whom he gave
Supremacy of merit, the sole means
And broad highway to power, that ever then,
Was meritoriously administered,
Whilst all its instruments from first to last,
The tools of state for service high or low,
Were chosen for their aptness to those ends
Which virtue meditates. To shake the ground
Deep-founded whereupon this structure stood,
Was verily a crime; a treason it was,
Conspiracies to hatch against this state
And its free innocence. But now, I ask,
Where is there on God's earth that polity
Which it is not, by consequence converse,
A treason against nature to uphold?
Whom may we now call free? whom great? whom
wise?

Whom innocent?—the free are only they
Whom power makes free to execute all ills
Their hearts imagine; they are only great
Whose passions nurse them to their cradles up
In luxury and lewdness,—whom to see
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn
Their station's eminence; the wise, they only
Who wait obscurely till the bolts of heaven
Shall break upon the land, and give them light
Whereby to walk; the innocent, alas!
Poor innocency lies where four roads meet,
A stone upon her head, a stake driven through her,
For who is innocent that cares to live?
The hand of power doth press the very life
Of innocency out! What then remains
But in the cause of nature to stand forth,
And turn this frame of things the right side up?
For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,
And tell your masters vainly they resist.
Nature, that slumbers beneath their poisonous drugs,
Is up and stirring, and from north and south,
From east and west, from England and from France,
From Germany, and Flanders, and Navarre,
Shall stand against them like a beast at bay.
The blood that they have shed will hide no longer
In the blood-slicked soil, but cries to heaven.
Their crafties and wrongs against the poor
Shall quicken into swarms of venomous snakes,
And hiss through all the earth, till o'er the earth,
That ceases then from hissings and from growns,
Rises the song—How are the mighty fallen!

And by the peasant's hand! Low lie the proud!
And smitten with the weapons of the poor—
The blacksmith's hammer and the woodman's axe.
Their tale is told; and for that they were rich,
And robbed the poor; and for that they were strong,
And scourged the weak; and for that they made laws
Which turned the sweat of labour's brow to blood,—
For these their sins the nations cast them out,
The dung-hills are their death-beds, and the stench
From their uncover'd carrion steaming wide,
Turns in the nostrils of enfranchised man
To a sweet savour. These things come to pass
From small beginnings, because God is just.

We have devoted a considerable share of our columns to this work, because it has a distinct, and, as we think, important, individual character. What that character is, our readers may partly collect. For a fuller judgment of it, we refer them to the book. We have no room for further comment. As Mr. Taylor disclaims all idea of stage merits, it would seem needless to say it is not an acting play; did we not see that no injustice is more frequent, as well as more gross, than to reproach an author for not doing that which he never pretended to do. We conclude with the earnest hope, that Mr. Taylor will go on to write. We have great and urgent need of such teachers among us, and we shall be much disappointed if his teaching is vain.

Discoveries in Asia Minor. By the Rev. T. V. L. Arundell, British Chaplain at Smyrna. 2 vols. Svo. London: Bentley.

Mr. Arundell has discovered the ruins of several ancient cities which escaped the researches of his predecessors, and rectified several errors committed by celebrated geographers. Possessing learning and enthusiasm, he will be found a pleasing guide to the scholar and the antiquarian, while he has provided for students of ecclesiastical history much valuable information respecting the ancient state of "the Churches in Asia." Many circumstances, however, are likely to impede the popularity of the work. When the age of certain history commences, Asia Minor was subject to the Persian yoke; no traits of heroism, no example of patriot valour consecrate a spot within its precincts; it is celebrated chiefly for its commercial wealth when ruled by Roman proconsuls; and, however delightful it may be to contemplate noble temples and palaces, we want that sort of appeal to the heart made by the naked and barren hills of Marathon.

The antiquities of Asia Minor excite more admiration than interest; even its ecclesiastical remains fail to excite sympathy, for the history of the Asiatic Churches is little more than a record of folly and of guilt. In the very first century the process of corruption was begun, and the Christian mind shrinks from tracing its rapid progress, with sorrow and disgust.

There are, however, some subjects connected with Anatolia respecting which we would gladly receive information, especially the great moral revolution now rapidly changing the aspect of the Eastern World; still we do not regret the brevity of Mr. Arundell; he sees everything through a Smyranean atmosphere,—and how distorted is that medium, the annals of the Greek war amply testify.

Our author loves to dwell on the many examples of Mohammedan charity to travellers of every creed with which the East abounds. His comments on one of these

instances are equally creditable to his liberality and piety.

"At a quarter past twelve, Milcom, whose throat seemed to sympathize with the present drought, and as if indured with that instinct by which horses are said to know that they are approaching water, though even at a considerable distance, alighted at a little shed by the road side, within which he found a large vase full of excellent water, replenished every day for the thirsty traveller, who would in vain seek it elsewhere.

"Does not the beautiful definition of genuine charity instantly occur to the mind? 'Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only unto one of these little ones, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no way lose his reward.' And yet he that placed the vase of water in the shed, and brought it from a considerable distance, and placed it there every day, was not a Christian—but a poor, despised, Mahometan!

"And what did this poor man propose to himself? It could neither be to receive money nor thanks, for having filled the vase perhaps before sunrise, he never returns to it till the following morning. Shall we deny him, though he be not a Christian, the justice of supposing that he had a benevolent heart, and what is better still, that he did it from love to God? He places not the vase for the 'disciple' only—it is not for those exclusively who hold common faith with himself,—but, like the heavenly virtue of benevolence, the refreshing draught is as free to the *glaour* as to the disciples of the prophet.

"Surely such a people, whenever the period shall arrive that they receive the water of life from Him, who invites all to come and buy water without money and without price—the living water of everlasting life—will be much more likely to be an honour to Christianity, than multitudes who now bear the name."

Nor is water alone provided for the traveller: in most of the towns visited by Mr. Arundell, he found Odas or public rooms provided for the gratuitous entertainment of strangers.

"It was not till the present journey that I was aware of the precise nature of these Odas, and of their universality throughout Asia Minor. They are not endowed or supported by the government, but are entirely private charities. One at least is to be found in every village throughout the country, and often several in a small village. The original founder charges his estate, be it great or little, with the perpetual maintenance of the Oda; and it seems in most cases to be the tenure by which the estate is held. Nor is this confined to the wealthy; it as frequently happens that even the poor man, whose little spot of ground is barely sufficient, after paying the Aga's decimes, &c. to find bread for his children, charges them to keep a chamber (perhaps the whole house has only two) as an Oda for the stranger. No questions are asked of this stranger whether he be a disciple of the prophet, a Christian, or a Jew—it is enough that he is a stranger, and needs the rights of hospitality. He is provided gratuitously with food, and fuel, and lodging, and even the liberality is extended to his beast."

Verily these Eastern nations need not shrink from a comparison with their western brethren.

We have intimated our suspicion that Mr. Arundell has been too frequently influenced by the prejudices of the factory of Smyrna, where every innovation is heartily detested; we are therefore slow to believe the crimes he attributes to Ibrahim Pacha, and by no means satisfied that Syria was happier under

the Turkish than it is likely to be under the Egyptian government. We must, however, in justice, allow him to state his case:—

"A very few weeks after we quitted Oloubourlou, the reforming committee of that town found out that their grievances also were unendurable, and the burden of taxation as enormous as the mountain of their Acropolis; though, besides the Aga's decimes (and the Haratch) it would not be easy to say in what it consisted—certainly had there been a tax for lighting and paving the streets, a very fair ground for resistance might have been made out.

"However, a deputation went from the worthy townspeople of Oloubourlou, and our poor friend the Aga was denounced as a tyrant, and Ibrahim sends some municipal commissioners to inquire into and reform the abuses.

"These gentlemen, on their arrival, thought it beneath their dignity to call on the Aga at his conac, but with all the importance of office, they summon him to appear before them. As there are no corporation records, or charters by inspection to examine in Turkey, their investigations were concise and summary. They summon the Aga, who is bold enough to decline compliance, conceiving perhaps that he owed allegiance only to one sovereign, and that his legitimate one. The commissioners cannot brook that their authority should be disputed. The guilty Aga is again summoned, and again he refuses obedience to the mandate.

"These high and mighty redressers of public wrongs, supported by a strong force, repeat their orders at the door of the Aga's conac, the *hotel de ville*, with no better effect. The Aga is ordered to open his doors, and come out. He, with his two brothers, and little garrison, adopt the contrary course, barricading every door and window, and putting themselves in the best possible state to stand a siege: and now the drama draws to its close;—assault upon assault is made upon the conac, but the little citadel is bravely defended, and the besiegers are as often compelled to retreat.

"At length, these ministers of municipal justice, the redressers of the wrongs of the 'poor innocent people, brought upon them by the bad conduct of their princes,' adopt an effectual, though not very legitimate mode of compelling the surrender of the garrison. The conac is set on fire, and being constructed wholly of wood, the fury of the flames leaves no alternative to the brave and unfortunate Aga and his brothers, but either to perish in the flames or to sell their lives dearly by rushing upon their assailants. They preferred the latter, and in a short half hour these victims of the redresser of the people's wrongs ceased to breathe."

With the fairness or unfairness of the political allusions in this extract, we have nothing to do, but they are in very bad taste. Baillie Nicol Jarvie, when visiting the Highlands, declared that he did not wish to carry "the saut market at his back;" we heartily wish that English travellers would contrive to leave Westminster behind them.

From the extracts we have given, general readers may judge of the species of entertainment to be derived from these volumes; scholars and antiquarians had better examine the work for themselves.

A Biographical Memoir of the late Dr. John Darwall. By J. Conolly, M.D. London: Sherwood & Co.

THIS is a brief but interesting narrative of the struggles of a man of slender resources, strong mental powers, and high feelings, to advance himself to an honourable independence, through the means of a profession, of which it is proverbially said, that its follow-

ers seldom gain their bread until they have lost the teeth to eat it. Dr. Darwall died young, a martyr to his ardent search after professional information; but he lived sufficiently long to feel all the bitterness of being obliged to maintain the "speciem ultra vires," to incur expenses which were only to be liquidated by a future successful career, yet which are rendered necessary at the outset of professional life, by the false bias of public opinion. There is something in this radically wrong, and which, we are afraid, can too certainly be traced to the misused influence of medical colleges: the struggle which a young physician has to maintain, is not only that of knowledge against knowledge—of industry against industry; but of poverty against wealth—of individual effort against corporate influence. Too truly has Dr. Conolly depicted the brief, eventful history of many such, in the following passage:—

"Occupied in the task of relieving human sufferings, encountering fatigue and danger, and with few of the rewards of ambitious life before them, often stimulated solely by the desire of doing good, they are too frequently a prey to cares and pains, far worse than those from which they are exerting themselves to relieve others: and whilst they carry comfort and hope into every sick chamber, feel those blessings still denied to themselves. From no store-house of illustration may the pathologist gather ampler materials of the effect of the depressing passions, than from his own profession. He may there perceive, in instances too many, how perpetual care may interrupt each healthy function, and induce disorders which no medical art can cure. Highly educated, sensitive, accustomed to some of the elegancies of life, their habits not well fitting them for worldly competitions, how many have I known who have suffered every pang which common difficulties could inflict on noble minds, and, after suffering for a time, have sunk; or, if surviving their difficulties, have done so with feelings irretrievably deadened, and a sadness of heart which no improvement of fortune could effectually remove! There is something wrong in their position when such examples are not infrequent; and as there are few physicians who, having conquered their difficulties, could endure the bare idea of going through the struggle again, it becomes a serious question how far any members of the profession are justified, if not possessed of an ample fortune, in devoting themselves to a branch of practice which holds out no promise of a competency until two-thirds of the usual term of human life have been passed in anxiety."

Surely the public act neither well nor wisely in permitting this: they deprive themselves of the services of many a noble and gifted spirit, which, like Pegasus at the plough, sinks under the unworthy burden to which it is consigned, and they help to substitute a different order of intellect, which, with less genius, has more pliability—which is less refined, but more robust—which can condescend to practise physic as a trade, and study it as an art, devoid alike of that enlarged knowledge which is requisite to comprehend it as a science, and that generous philanthropy which aims at making its application the greatest good, not the greatest gain. Dr. Darwall was a physician of a very high order, and devotedly attached to his profession. "I have known him," says Dr. Conolly, "see and prescribe for more than eighty patients in one morning, and in the

month of January, 1824, when he was only beginning to be known, he saw a hundred new cases at his own house, for none of which he received any remuneration—within five months from that time, he had prescribed for more than seven hundred." To these cases he paid the same minute attention as though his fortune had depended on each: he took notes of the most remarkable, and when they terminated fatally never neglected making himself acquainted with the morbid alterations which had caused this result. Amidst the multiplicity of employment thus entailed, he found time to make himself acquainted with every new work of merit, whether medical or generally scientific, and to write several Reports of great value on the diseases of Birmingham and its vicinity, which from time to time appeared in the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*;—but his mental exertions, stimulated by a strong conscientious feeling of his moral responsibility for the lives of his patients, proved too great for his bodily frame: he in vain tried coffee and other stimulants to excite his exhausted powers; jaded and overwrought, the vital principle proved unable to contend with what, under more favourable circumstances, it might have met with impunity—it sunk under the pernicious influence of the poison conveyed through a dissecting wound, and Dr. Darwall left the scene of his mortal trials and sufferings, just as he had overcome them by honest and persevering exertion, and might have looked to reap the reward of his labours in the enjoyment of professional character and a well-earned independence.

"I would willingly close this account of him without alluding to his cares, his difficulties, and those honourable anxieties which had too surely prepared him to fall under any severe attack of illness. Although for the last two or three years of his life his practice had greatly increased, he had endured, for full ten years, all the restlessness of hope deferred; and carefully maintaining his proper station in society, and scrupulously correct in all his payments, had found it necessary to incur extensive pecuniary engagements. There exists no reason, that I am aware of, for concealing that this circumstance preyed so heavily on his mind as to seem gradually to occupy his thoughts more and more exclusively. He knew the uncertainties of existence, and his constant hope was to live to be extricated from embarrassment, that his family might be benefited by a considerable insurance effected on his life. But man ever disquieteth himself in vain. The hopes which animated his mind were destined never to be fulfilled; the fears which made him sleepless were destined never to leave him until he became insensible to all impressions; and, although, after his decease, a just and generous public made his family its own especial care, such was the independence of his character, that, if he could have foreseen that that was to be the end of all his struggles, the prospect would have broken his heart."

A Letter to the President and Members of the Geological Society. By Mrs. Callcott. London: Brettell.

Mrs. Callcott (formerly Mrs. Graham) having read in the *Athenæum* of the 14th June, the Report of the Address of the President of the Geological Society, in which he offered some comments on her letter describing the Earthquake at Chili, and questioned the accuracy of her statements, immediately drew up this

vindication, with a view to its being read at one of the first meetings of the Society; but, as no meeting will be held before November, she has felt it necessary forthwith to publish it. We have been requested, as a matter of justice, to republish the whole letter in the *Athenæum*, but we trust that, on reconsideration, Mrs. Callcott will be satisfied with this announcement. Those who are interested in the subject will now know where to procure a copy, and we really cannot spare three or four columns for the discussion of a question of merely personal interest. In Mr. Greenough's Address, the subject, though put prominently forward, was in itself but incidental to a question of scientific importance.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY.—*Gallinaceous Birds*, by Sir William Jardine, Bart., with a Memoir of Aristotle, by the Rev. Andrew Crichton.—Perhaps it requires more sense to take a hint than to give one: in reviewing a former number of this little work, we suggested to Sir William Jardine, that writing biography was not his forte; he appears to have admitted the justice of our opinion, and the result has been, that the present volume is prefaced by a 'Memoir of Aristotle,' from the pen of the Rev. Andrew Crichton, which we have read with high gratification, and can safely recommend as a most interesting and well-written biographical notice. Perhaps we might have wished that, appearing as it does at the head of a volume on Natural History, the character of the great master, as a naturalist, should have been more prominently put forward, and not reserved as a matter of *post mortem* disquisition when speaking of his works; but, in truth, we are so well pleased, that we shall scarcely stop to find fault: the Memoir shows learning without pedantry, and taste without affectation. We are happy at being able to extend our commendation to the general contents of the volume, which include several beautiful figures of the peacock, or pheasant tribe, together with good descriptions of their habits, places of abode, &c., and agreeable illustrative anecdotes, selected from Audubon, Wilson, and other entertaining writers. As one of our hints has been taken, we may now, in conclusion, venture another. Mr. Crichton speaks of "a compliment paid by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Isaac Newton;" now, we are inclined to think, she could not have paid him any compliment, for the identical reason that prevented Tilburina seeing the Spanish fleet,—"because it was not yet in sight!"

'*A Birth-day Gift*, by Miss M. A. Browne, Author of "The Coronal," &c.—We like this modest little volume fifty times better than the more pretending tomes in which its authoress was first brought before the public; still, we view its contents more as promises than performances, and we have a right to look for something better, and more sustained, from her pen, than she has yet given us. We do not extract the following as the best poem in the book, but as one of the most suited to our purpose:—

Woman's Love.

When Man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek;
Oh, then doth Woman prove
Her constancy and love!
She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand;
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.
She leads him, when the noon
Is bright o'er dale and hill,

And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden bowers,
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.
And when he goes not there,
To feast on breath and bloom
She brings the posy rare
Into his darkened room;
And 'neath his weary head,
The pillow smooth doth spread,
Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye always.

And when his trial's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpressed;
Her tears, her sighs are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.
And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again,
Still, still she must regret,
She never can forget!

'*Ella, an Historical Tragedy*, in five acts, by John Morrison, A.B. T.C.D.'—'*Demetrie, and other Poems*, by James Masson.'—Like many dozen volumes it is our duty to read through every season, equally devoid of anything deserving blame or praise.

'*The Works of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke*.'—To this edition is prefixed a biographical and critical introduction, and a very good portrait after Sir Joshua Reynolds. We have only to say, that it is printed on good paper, with clear type—that the whole of Burke's works are compressed into two handsome volumes—and it will recommend itself to such of the public as are obliged to economize in the additions made to their libraries.

'*Hore Phrenologica*, by Dr. Epps.'—This is poor stuff; it is even bad phrenology. The author knows little of the subject about which he professes to write, else how could he adduce as an example of Inhabiteness, or attachment to place, the celebrated declaration of Ruth, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee: for to what place thou goest I will go; and in what place thou shalt lodge I will lodge; thy people is my people, and thy God my God." We suppose Dr. Epps derives his idea of this passage, exemplifying Inhabiteness, from the occurrence of the term *place*, which he has twice marked in italics: it is scarcely necessary to say, that the feeling exemplified is not attachment to place, but attachment to person.—Adhesiveness, to use the orthodox jargon.

'*Spirit of Chambers's Journal*.'—A very pleasant little volume, beautifully got up—but we cannot permit even the Messrs. Chambers to characterize it as containing the Spirit of their Journal. We would not hear their enemies say so. No power of abridgment or selection could condense into so small a compass, the useful information and the entertainment contained in that very excellent work. It is a most absurd opinion, set on foot by the traders in public principle and on subscriptions, to induce a belief that our opposition to their shameless selfishness, was itself selfish—that we are opposed to all cheap literature but our own. So far from this being true, we should be bound, on selfish principles alone, to wish it success. The essential character of works which appeal to the whole population, must necessarily be to diffuse knowledge; the character of the *Athenæum* is to record its advancement. Such works as *Chambers's Journal* and the *Penny and Saturday Magazines* tend to educate the people up to the *Athenæum*. They are the schools whence we anticipate, and are sure to obtain, an increase of readers. The Messrs. Chambers' Journal has been pre-eminently and deservedly successful; it has a distinct and intelligible character; its moral use-

fulness is undoubted; and we heartily wish the spirited projectors a continuance and increase of that success which they so well merit.

'*Sayings and Doings at Tremont House*.'—'*Sayings and Doings in America*.'—The one work is a reprint of the other. We received the American edition twelve months since, but it was so little to our taste, that it was passed by unnoticed. A republication is not, therefore, in our judgment, at all likely to succeed.

'*Journal of the Asiatic Society*. No. 1.'—We have devoted so much of our space, recently, to Oriental subjects, that we can only cursorily notice the articles contained in this new and interesting periodical.—The first is a description of the native vessels used in the coast navigation of India, by J. Edge, Esq. The author is a very able naval architect, and has described the build of the different vessels very minutely.—Captain Harkness has contributed a very valuable paper on the School System of the Hindûs in Southern India. The great fault of the system is, that it exercises the memory alone, and the same fault might be found in systems of education adopted nearer home. The estimated amount of the expenses of each boy, is about sixteen shillings per annum.—The late Captain M'Murdo's paper on the river Indus, should be read in conjunction with the account of that noble stream by Lieutenant Burnes. The former gives a historical account of the changes that have taken place in its course; the attention of the latter has been directed principally to its present condition, and the facilities it affords for the extension of British commerce.—We pass over Hodgson on the Law of Nepal, and Thours on ancient Chinese Vases, because the subjects, though very curious, are but of limited interest, and we come to Mr. Tausch's account of the Circassians, which is of no little value to the British nation, since the opening of the Black Sea has enabled us to revive the commerce, which the Genoese had established with the Caucasian provinces in the middle ages. Indeed we are assured, that several vessels have already proceeded direct from London to Trebisond. Mr. Tausch describes the Circassians as a nation of freebooters, possessing nevertheless a high sense of honour and regard for veracity. Their religion is a strange compound of Christianity and Paganism; they were instructed in some tenets of the former, by Genoese missionaries, who did not remain long enough in the country to found a church, and when their intercourse with Europe was interrupted, they mingled the imperfect lessons they had learned, with their ancient idolatry.—Bird's analysis of a native history of Gujarât, does not call for any remark, as the history itself will soon be published by the Oriental Translation Committee.—The elementary work on Hindû Law is curious, as being the first example of an oriental work, in a catechetical form, on such an intricate subject.—The Biographical Sketches of M'Murdo, Schultz and Csorna Kôrosi possess interest; and the account of the Dekkan poets, supplies some valuable information respecting Hindû literature. We extract a few particulars of the Hospital for Animals at Surat, communicated by Lieutenant Burnes:—

"The establishment occupies a court about fifty feet square; to which there is a large area attached, to admit of the cattle roving about: it is strewn with grass and straw on all parts, that the aged may want neither food nor bedding. There are cages to protect such birds as have become objects of charity, but most of them were empty: there is, however, a colony of pigeons, which are daily fed.

"By far the most remarkable object in this singular establishment is a house on the left hand on entering, about twenty-five feet long, with a boarded floor, elevated about eight feet:

between this and the ground is a depository where the deluded Banians throw in quantities of grain which gives life to and feeds a host of vermin, as dense as the sands on the sea-shore, and consisting of all the various genera usually found in the abodes of squalid misery.

"The entrance to this loft is from the outside, by a stair; which I ascended. There are several holes cut in different parts of the floor, through which the grain is thrown: I examined a handful of it which had lost all the appearance of grain: it was a moving mass, and some of the pampered creatures which fed upon it were crawling about on the floor—a circumstance which hastened my retreat from the house in which this nest of vermin is deposited. The '*Pinjra Pol*' is in the very midst of houses, in one of the most populous cities in Asia; and must be a prolific source of nightly comfort to the citizens who reside in the neighbourhood; to say nothing of the strayed few who manage to make their way into the more distant domains of the inhabitants."

We have been greatly pleased with this number of the Asiatic Society's Journal, and trust that its success will increase the ties that connect Europe with Asia.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE SONG OF THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

BY CHARLES DANCE.

Poor mortals imagine they stand on the ground
Supported by all that is solid and sound;—

'Tis a plank—and, beneath it, my work's to be found—

I gather them in,

I gather them in.

The child, strong and healthy, careers on the heath—

Not thinking—not caring—scarce knowing of death;

In an instant he draws his last innocent breath:

I gather him in,

I gather him in.

The youth in the vortex of folly and crime
Advised to repent—answers, "Not in my prime;"

He would, if he knew he had run out his time:

I gather him in,

I gather him in.

Says Fifty—"Poor Sixty is breaking apace,
He must long for the health that he sees in my face;"

Self-deceiver! he dreams not he's first in the race:

I gather him in,

I gather him in.

"Huzza"—says the Dotard—"I'm turn'd of four-score,

And now I shall live to a hundred or more;"

At night-fall his coffin is brought to the door:

I gather him in,

I gather him in.

The Drunkard exclaims "fill my cup to the brim,
In water life sinks—but in brandy 'twill swim;"

He dies as he speaks—and I make sure of him:

I gather him in,

I gather him in.

The rich man observes his poor neighbour look old,
And hugs himself on his resources in gold;

A lackey all lace says "a knell must be tolled."

I gather him in,

I gather him in.

E'en while he was speaking, the moralist elf
Was digging—unthinking—a pit for himself;

His spade and his mattock are laid on the shelf:

They've gathered him in,

They've gathered him in.

TABLE-TALK.—No. IV.

BY THE LATE ELIA.

THE vices of some men are magnificent. Compare the amours of Henry the Eighth and Charles the Second. The Stuart had mistresses—the Tudor kept wives.

We are ashamed at sight of a monkey—somehow as we are shy of poor relations.

C—imagined a Caledonian compartment in Hades, where there should be fire without sulphur.

Absurd images are sometimes irresistible. I will mention two. An elephant in a coach-office gravely coming to have his trunk booked;—a mermaid over a fish-kettle cooking her own tail.

It is the praise of Shakspeare, with reference to the play-writers, his contemporaries, that he has so few revolting characters. Yet he has one that is singularly mean and disagreeable—the King in Hamlet. Neither has he characters of insignificance, unless the phantom that stalks over the stage as Julius Cæsar, in the play of that name, may be accounted one. Neither has he envious characters, excepting the short part of Don John, in Much Ado about Nothing. Neither has he unentertaining characters, if we except Parolles, and the little that there is of the Clown, in All's Well that Ends Well.

It would settle the dispute, as to whether Shakspeare intended Othello for a jealous character, to consider how differently we are affected towards him, and for Leontes in the Winter's Tale. Leontes is that character. Othello's fault was simply credulity.

Is it possible that Shakspeare should never have read Homer, in Chapman's version at least? If he had read it, could he mean to *travesty* it in the parts of those big boobies, Ajax and Achilles? Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon, are true to their parts in the Iliad: they are gentlemen at least. Thersites, though unamusing, is fairly deducible from it. Troilus and Cressida are a fine graft upon it. But those two big bulks—

It is a desideratum in works that treat *de re culinaria*, that we have no rationale of sauces, or theory of mixed flavours; as to show why cabbage is reprehensible with roast beef, laudable with bacon; why the haunch of mutton seeks the alliance of currant jelly, the shoulder civilly declined it; why loin of veal (a pretty problem), being itself unctuous, seeketh the adventitious lubricity of melted butter; and why the same part in pork, not more oleaginous, abhorreth from it; why the French bean sympathizes with the flesh of deer; why salt fish points to parsnip, brawn makes a dead set at mustard; why cats prefer valerian to hearts-ease, old ladies *vice versa*—though this is rather travelling out of the road of the dietetics, and may be thought a question more curious than relevant;—why salmon (a strong sapor *per se*), fortifieth its condition with the mighty lobster sauce, whose embraces are fatal to the delicate relish of the turbot; why oysters in death rise up against the contamination of brown sugar, while they are posthumously amorous of vinegar; why the sour mango and the sweet jam by turns court, and are accepted by, the compliable mutton hash—she not yet decidedly declaring for either. We are as yet but in the empirical stage of cookery. We feed ignorantly, and want to be able to give a reason of the relish that is in us; so that if Nature should furnish us with a new meat, or be prodigally pleased to restore the phoenix, upon a given flavour, we might be able to pronounce instantly, on philosophical principles, what the sauce to it should be—what the curious adjuncts.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome.

LITTLE in the publishing way here but—Sonnets on Signora singing, Lives of the Saints, and new French Grammars. Nibby has brought out a volume on the Villa Borghese, which I suppose will get him a cardinal's hat. The chevalier's ribband has now become only the distinction of pompous impertinence; no man who has any respect for himself, would be branded with knighthood here more than in England. Really I don't know of any other important book, but the penny Calendars. These are as indispensable to the Romans as lottery-sheets, and about as instructive. Yet we have our Society for the Confusion of Knowledge, *Il Collegio di Propaganda Fide*; not, indeed, accomplishing its end by pamphlets of hurried smatter, overloads of manure for minds that want preparatory tillage; no setting young wits at cross and jostle by a *gatherum omnium*, thrown for a scramble like coins in the dirt; no teaching them to take time, instead of by the forelock, by the tail, and so tumbling him heels over head into their laps—but a safe, slow, and profound system of *instruction in error*—that, for example, black deeds may be white, grey either black or white according to convenience, red of the finest celestial blue imaginable, &c.; all calculated too for the meridian of Mesopotamia and the time of Methusalem, as if the disciples had as much leisure for learning as so many young patriarchs. The Propaganda tree of knowledge brings forth its fruits at about the rate of an aloe; it promises a Polyglott Lexicon, which will be ready for press, I suppose, at the time of the Universal Republic. You've seen Micali's 'Ancient Peoples of Italy'—but that came out at Florence. Lud! how the steeples and high-tops of Rome would tumble together, if such a metaphysical earthquake were to burst forth in the Corso! But what can you expect from a people on which the light of Heaven only peeps, as Macbeth says, through a *blanket*? Many of the nobles have to make a sign of the cross for their names—a pen looking as strange between their fingers as between a pig's petticoats. I have been asked by one of the priesthood, (the teachers of the people,) if Ireland were not the capital of Scotland, and if there were not many days on which the sun never rose in England! This was a personage, however, who would puzzle your whole bench of Bishops in the Life of Saint Bridget, her miracles and remains; where her little finger is enshrined, and what church exposes her sacred petticoats on such a Sunday. But where was I myself? no matter, let us go to the Palazzo Cenci.

There, under the mournful spell of that name, while the pale face of Beatrice, with its one deep shade of melancholy under the brow, seems to look back upon you from the stair head, as she vanishes for ever—there, on tapping at a lofty door, it is opened by a slender, mild-looking, pallid figure, with narrow visage, but wide and somewhat wandering eyes, a black velvet *toque* on his black hair, divided *à la Raffaël*, into two lank saintly locks that fall over his shoulders—this is Overbeck. No people carry affectation in costume to such a laughable pitch as the Germans; what with their feline character of countenance and grotesque apparel, they put one in mind of puss-in-boots. Overbeck, indeed, more resembles a monk turned layman; nothing can be simpler, meeker, than his conversation and deportment: by the bye, he is a Bavarian. I recollect some years ago, accidentally seeing at Paris a lithograph print of 'Christ with the little Children,' that was not Raffaël's, but so raffaëlesque as to make me curious about the imitator's name—'twas Overbeck. This is at once his merit and his defect—beautiful imitation. He is alternately Raffaël, Leonardo, Luini, Masaccio, or sometimes all together—never himself—has no

personal identity. Now, though we must imitate in order to equal or excel, so much the more dangerous is imitation of great originals, if not greatly original ourselves, as comparison is sure to be against us. Raffaël might imitate Perugino, Il Frate, oftentimes Leonardo, Michael himself, without fear, because he had an originality of his own fit to compete with theirs; but Overbeck is gifted either with little power of the kind, or with singular modesty to conceal it. His picture so much talked of, now in hand, 'Religion evoking the Arts,' certainly manifests a skill of design, and a beauty of sentiment, one cannot help regretting to see only employed *versus* the great masters above mentioned—only, as it were, calling to mind by imitation their design and their sentiment to overwhelm his own. It is taking up Raffaël's dead hand, or Da Vinci's, to paint with, fixed on the stump of his which he amputated. Did Taliacotus himself perform the operation, never could that dead hand do as well even as this which was sacrificed for it. Thus, 'Religion evoking the Arts' is a sort of olla podrida, made up from many original pictures; the 'School of Athens,' 'Dispute of the Sacrament,' and various other supreme old works are immediately suggested by that flight of steps covered with the school of Italy; the Virgin and Fathers in glory above; and this group, that face, t'other attitude, the very choice of antique costume, affectation of primitiveness, nay, even the large style of contour, recalling a somewhat we have seen done before, and done far better.

This want of originality about Overbeck, appears under another form in his present work: a marble fountain, with a jet as high as the Virgin's feet, stands on the platform to which the steps lead up, and at the principal point of view; the artist has no other motive for this fountain than to connect the *chiaroscuro* of his heavenly and earthly groups. This fountain, the central object of his picture, and taking up so much of the attention, has therefore no meaning! That is not the worst, for the picture itself has no meaning: the celestial and human groups are only connected by the *chiaroscuro* and the canvas; one has no more to do with the other than if the great gulf were between them; there is no "evocation"; Madonna and the Saints sit on clouds above, as idle as so many Epicurean divinities; the artists below exhibit no sign of their influence or their presence. Now with what ease the subject might have been expressed, the poetical connexion of the groups shown, by that very fountain, yet preserving its mechanic utility. Take away the stiff, straight jet, and allow the shadowy brightness of the celestial group to be reflected in the water; here would be not only the desired connexion of *chiaroscuro*, but of the groups themselves; here would be the sense of the picture, now quite indivisible, clearly concentrated, the fountain, around which those ministers of art throng, being truly their fountain of inspiration, on whose mirror are imaged those visions of splendour and saintly forms, brought down by art from Heaven. For it is a fact, that the art began with sacred pictures of the Virgin, Evangelists, &c. under the patronage of churches and holy prompting of religion. Yet Overbeck is looked upon, and with justice, as among the first living painters of the German school. His design is pure, and delicate, and noble, his drapery large and simple. His expression, weak in powerful subjects, has much quiet force in gentle—thus Michael Angelo sits with as little might of mind about his pensiveness, as a monk of Mount Athos ruminating on his abdomen, while the unassuming Raffaël is made to stand apart with a *noli me tangere* air, and look over his brother artists as tall as if he had three hats, like "Emperor Peter." But, on the other hand, 'Christ in the Garden,' (though here again plagiarism from Carlo Dolce, Christofano Allori

&c.), the 'Madonna and Child,' the 'Marriage of the Virgin,' (almost *lineatim* from Raffael's at the Brera,) and the 'Death of St. Peter,' all exhibit a depth of pathos not the less drowning that it is calm. N.B. This painter should never touch a colour—the Germans are even worse colourists than the French, and if there be a worse German colourist than Overbeck, he must be the genius of a mud volcano. Nothing can be quite so preposterous: instead of his colours embellishing the beauty of his design, they blot it out.

At the tip-top of a five storied palace, the other floors of which are, as usual at Rome, a sort of stables for mankind—in a garret there fitted up as an old maid's observatory, with an interesting field of view over acres of tiles, where the diabolical courtship of cats and amorous hickering of pigeons may be surveyed to advantage—dwelleth a Florentine Countess. But this is not the only grand piece of furniture in the garret: another ornament, vendible too, is to be seen here, and valued at 4000*l*. Nothing less will be accepted for a picture of the 'Madonna, Child, and St. John'; nor, if it were really, what it is nominally, by Michael Angelo, would La Contessa's conscience in asking such a price, be more than commonly elastic. But to me there seems little about the work, though a very good one, to countervail the universal evidence that Michael's only two easel-paintings in existence, are those of the Tribune and the Cathedral of Burgos. Something of Del Sarto's early manner, of Del Vaga's, and perhaps more of Bronzino's modified by copying after a sketch of Michael's, is to be discerned in the work: reddish coloured, drawing by no means impeccable, and the composition distorted enough to make it a very like-looking *capriccio* of La Terribile Mano. What a pity it was you let Prussia, with your political squabbling, snap up Abate Celotti's 'Flower Girl,' last year: that was a genuine and a most gorgeous Titian. I should have written to Lord — about it, but knew he was too busy working the state vessel through the squalls of the house, to hear my whistle.

Finelli has done nothing since to equal what he baptised, on account of her cockle appearance, *Venus in the shell*. Simplicity of taste, and pure elegance of design are, we would think, among Italian artists, only felicitous blunders. The Discobolus flings his quoit with as much vulgarity and virulence, as Tom Nero would a live cat, curling his arms one within another, as if he were boxing round a corner. The 'Cupid and Psyche'—Oh lamentable! a cocknosed couple, not a whit in higher gusto as to sentiment, costume, &c. than the sweet pair you might swallow for two-pence at a confectioner's. Yet, I believe, we are to hold Finelli a kind of phoenix: perhaps one may, as an owl, a kind of cherub. I forget, did you see the 'Milo' of Chevalier Fabris? 'Twas to be placed on the Pincian Hill—something like Pelion upon Ossa—an enormity in all senses: if Milo were such a monster in comparison with the lion, and had such a Gorgon gape, he could have more easily devoured the beast than the beast him; 'twas only seizing the poor king of cats, as he lay on his thigh, and shaking him into a rug as a mastiff would a terrier. But you'll call me another *Smefungus*, if I go on after this fashion: in the fine arts it is unavoidable; quaff chateau-margaux yourself all day, and then turn to *quassia* if you can, without making wry faces! Wyatt has done something better: chiefly portraits. Lord Anglessa in clay, with his cut five, cut six, dashing determination of countenance, sabre-shaped nose, chin, eyebrows, in short a gentleman Draw-cansir—pretty Lady Paget Sydney, also in clay—Lords de Tabley, Beverley, &c. in marble: very like, but what could Phidias himself make noble out of our bald wax-baby chins, and cross-grained visages? Mere coiffure is a

vast deal: look what a fright even the Greek chisel made of Faustina with her granddam head-dress, and Domitilla with her honeycomb tower of frizzles. He has (Wyatt, not Phidias) executed a 'Cupid and Psyche,' for Lord Wenlock, the Cupid not quiet enough for stone, the Psyche *min* as need be, a little curtain-lecturer—for Sir M. Ridley, a 'Diana,' i.e. Miss Polly Sweetlips in short phillibeg and buskins, no more a goddess than comes down among paper clouds at Drury Lane, inasmuch as, though all pretty girls be goddesses—goddesses are something more than mere pretty girls. Well—A Nymph of Diana taking a thorn from the foot of her Dog—shall I ever drag my pen out of that interminable name? Let me tell you, this is a "lovely creation," as we critics are bound to say; 'tis the very phrase; no one but such Faddles would call the Venus of Melos or the Niobe, a lovely creation. But the Nymph and her Dog is, indeed, or rather promises to be, a thing to speak more of when finished in marble.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We hear a satisfactory account of Neukomm's new Oratorio, which was tried on Saturday last at the Hanover Square Rooms. The subject (David) has been treated by him in a threefold manner. The Chevalier has given musical pictures of the shepherd boy, the warrior youth, and the Psalmist King: the composition is, throughout, more dramatic in its treatment than most oratorios, and therefore likely to prove more popular and more generally interesting. —We are sorry to hear, that owing to dissensions among the *Signors* and *Signoras* of the Italian Opera company now in the provinces, there is every fear of its being broken up, and a speculation which promised to do so much good for the art in England, abruptly abandoned.

Mr. Thomas Henderson, lately Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, has been appointed to the Professorship of Astronomy at Edinburgh, vacant by the death of Dr. Robert Blair; and he is to carry on a series of observations in the Observatory on the Calton Hill.

There is exhibiting at No. 232, Regent Street, a specimen of what the artist, Mr. Rayner, calls the Wellington Memorial. It is a black marble column; on which, after the fashion of Trajan's pillar, a series of sketches (from outlines by Cattermole), displaying the brilliant achievements of the Hero of Waterloo, are arranged in a spiral form. As a work of art it is curious; but it might, we think, be improved, by the addition of some half shades in the figures, which, from the mode in which the marble is wrought, (if we rightly understand it,) though difficult, would not be impossible, and would be most desirable, as giving a finish, which is at present wanting.

According to reports from the East, the Sultan is about to establish a school of Architecture at Constantinople! We are not aware that there is such a thing yet in England. This may be taken as a hint.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

July 5.—The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P. R.A.S., in the chair.—Among the donations laid upon the table were, from Major Charles Stewart, an original painting, representing the Great Mogul Emperor Jehangir, and the principal personages of his court, supposed to have been executed about the year 1625; from Capt. Seymour Burt, a small collection of Indian copper coins; some curious geological specimens, fossils, and shells, from the River Jumna; some drawings, mythological figures, costumes, &c. &c.: from Sir Alexander Johnston, an Indian matchlock and powder flask, apparently very

ancient; also, an original drawing of the crater of Merapi, a volcanic mountain in Java, and a MS. description of various classes of Elephants, translated from the Singhalese.

Part I. of Dr. Whitelaw Ainslie's *Observations on Atmospheric Influence*, in reference to climate, &c. was read.

Premising with the remarks of previous writers on the subject, Dr. Ainslie proceeds to develop the influence of climate upon physical and moral character, showing that in warm regions the intellect is more early expanded than in cold countries. From this topic, he goes on to consider the changes in national character effected by causes independent of climate, illustrating his observations by various examples taken from the ancient and modern state of different nations, as the Spanish, Italian, Roman, Greek, &c. &c. The paper terminated with some remarks on the temperature of America, as compared with that of Europe.

The reading of Capt. McMurdo's Account of Sindh was continued. Resuming his remarks on the character of the natives, the author proceeds to observe, that they are the most bigoted, the most self-sufficient, and the most ignorant people on record. They are also accused of treachery, at least as a national vice; yet they have a high idea of the duties of hospitality, the rights of which are rarely infringed by those who have not been corrupted by ambitious temptations. The Bellooches, in particular, have the highest respect for their females, who possess much influence over them, and their adherence to any agreement, to which the women are a party, may be implicitly relied on, much more so, indeed, than if the stipulation had been sworn to on the Koran. The Sindi soldier is individually brave, but is inferior to the Arab in coolness in action, and feels less hesitation in turning his back, than almost any other man who carries arms. They are generally expert marksmen, and are trained to the use of the matchlock from youth.

The conclusion of the paper was deferred to a future meeting.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

July 1.—No papers were read. The exhibition, however, amply compensated for the absence of any communications. We observed very fine specimens of *Sollya heterophylla*, *Manettia cordata*, *Quisqualis Indica*, *Orantium Japonicum*, *Malope grandiflora*, and such of the roses as had withstood the extreme heat and dryness of the weather. A drawing, by Mrs. Withers, was also in the room, of two or three dozen hearts-ease, fully showing the capabilities of attainment in this pretty flower; but the chief attractions were the beautiful annual from Swan River (a specimen of *Elichrysium*), and noble blossoms of *Stanhopea oculata*, from J. Bateman, Esq. The singular habits of the tribe of plants to which the last-named belongs—the richness of perfume in some of the varieties—and the wonderful structure of the flowers, combine to make them one of the greatest ornaments of our stores. The ardour with which these plants are now cultivated, and the interest which they excite, may be guessed from the great number within these few years introduced into England, and the desire which pervades cultivators to increase their collections. To stimulate this feeling, we understand that Lord Grey of Groby has handsomely placed at the disposal of the Council a medal, to be annually competed for and awarded to that nurseryman, or gardener, who shall exhibit to the Society the most rare orchideous or parasitical plant in flower.

The Countess de Salis, Sir J. D. Broughton, Bart., and four other gentlemen, were elected Fellows of the Society.

July 15.—A paper, by Mr. Knight, was read, upon the causes of the diseases and deformities of the leaves of the peach-tree. Among the

articles exhibited were some vines from Mr. Mearns, illustrative of his ingenious method of raising them. Some very handsome cherries, bearing the name of Bigarreau Napoleon, were on the table; they were much larger, and more highly coloured than the common Bigarreau, to which variety they ripen in succession, but are scarcely so tender in their quality.

THEATRICALS

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. Jerrold's three-act comedy, called, 'Beau Nash, the King of Bath,' was produced on Wednesday. We suspected that it would be very difficult to invest this semi-historical personage with a sufficient degree of interest for an audience of the present day, and it would seem that Mr. Jerrold has found it so. He has, however, gone far to compensate for the want of interest, by some well-sketched characters, and a good deal of pointed dialogue. The *Beau* himself, the old man who was made an old fool of by the old ladies of Bath, was admirably personated by Mr. Farren. The other parts were well supported by Messrs. Buckstone, Brindal, Webster, Strickland, Vining, &c., and by Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Humby, and that careful, clever, and most useful actress, Mrs. W. Clifford. With the aid of a minuet from Mr. Farren, and a country dance by the characters, which was rapturously, though most unreasonably, encored, the piece went off to the expressed satisfaction of a respectably-filled house, and the play was announced for repetition with considerable applause, and without opposition. The dresses are remarkably good.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This Theatre was thrown open to the public, for the first time, on Monday last. Its size, shape, accommodations, and decorations have been so fully described in all the daily papers, that it is quite unnecessary for us to go over them again. As far as we have yet had an opportunity of judging, we are inclined to agree with all that has been said in their favour, and we have little to offer in the way of objection. Its size is well adapted to the two most important objects, of seeing and hearing; and, while the Theatre is not too large to interfere with these objects, the stage is sufficiently extensive for any scenic display which can be required. The only difference between this and the other London Theatres, consists in the introduction of a balcony, as it is called, with a row of private boxes behind it, instead of the usual dress circle; and this can scarcely be called a material difference, for it is effected simply by making the centre portion of the dress circle project rather more than usual over the pit. For this accommodation an extra shilling is charged. In these times, when there is a very prevalent feeling that the prices of admission to theatres are already too high, the prudence of this increase may be questioned; but it is a matter for the consideration of the proprietor, and if the experience of the present season shall show that the public approve of the alteration, we can, of course, have nothing to say against it. To the same test must be referred the alteration of the hour of commencement, from seven o'clock to eight. Personally speaking, we think it extremely inconvenient, because, as it is, we spend more late hours in the service of our readers than are at all consistent with a due regard to health; and we hope to see the time when all theatres will follow the admirable example which Madame Vestris set, (but which she latterly too often lost sight of,) and close their doors at eleven o'clock. Still, if the public like the new arrangement, and choose to sanction it, we shall bow (though perhaps a little sulkily) to the majority, and be in that, as we trust we are in all

other matters, the public's very obedient servant. A more inconvenient theatre than the old English Opera House was never, at least in our opinion, built up or burnt down, and if no one else had cause to rejoice at the misfortune which has left this company so long without a fixed home, we think that Mr. Beazley may fairly exult at the opportunity given him to furnish so undeniable a proof of the great improvement in his taste. The interior of his new structure (we allude to the audience part) is at least equal to the corresponding part of the Victoria, and the lobbies, staircases, and general approaches, are infinitely superior. We are happy to perceive, by Mr. Beazley's letter to the papers, that he has explained away his supposed omission of a gallery staircase. The temporary wooden stairs at present seen outside the theatre, might very naturally lead people up to such a belief; but the judicious steps he has taken will set all right again, and bring people's understandings down to the real ground on which the matter rests. We do not quite understand the paragraph in the bills, which states that the box-keepers are not entitled to any remuneration beyond what the public may choose to bestow on them for extra attention and civility. We think that the proprietor would have acted wisely in doing away with this petty but grinding tax altogether. We never could understand why those who pay the established price for a seat in the boxes of any theatre should be obliged to pay the servants of the theatre another shilling before they are permitted to make use of that which they have bought and paid for. We say *obliged*, because if it is left to option, it amounts, in fact, to that. While box-keepers are permitted to receive bribes at all, it is quite clear that they will reserve the untaken seats for the best bidders.

Mr. Arnold has collected together as efficient a company as circumstances permitted, and the pieces (all, as yet, established favourites,) have gone off with their usual share of applause. Mr. Loder's opera of 'Nourjahad,' is promised for Monday next. We wish the proprietor every success, and hope that his fortunes will shortly be as much improved as his theatre is.

MISCELLANEA

Steam Carriages.—The Scotch papers contain the most satisfactory accounts of the success of the steam carriages now running, under the direction of Mr. Russell, regularly between Glasgow and Paisley; and the French papers report equally well of one lately invented by M. Dietz. At the first trial, this latter drew to Vincennes an omnibus filled with people. It set off from the Rue de Charonne, and reached the wood of Vincennes in eleven minutes, being at the rate of about nine miles an hour. As this is all level road, another trial was made upon a hilly one, with a view to test the power of the engine more completely. Upon the second occasion, it drew two omnibuses containing about sixty people. It overcame the rapid acclivity at the Porte St. Denis with the greatest ease, amidst the shouts of the spectators; and before its return, the number of persons in the omnibuses was increased to seventy. This machine is of forty-horse power, and is about twenty feet long. It is upon three wheels—two behind, and one in front. The two hind wheels only receive impulsion from the machine; and the front one is used to direct it. These wheels are of peculiar construction, being so formed that there is the greatest surface upon that part of the wheel which touches the road. By this means its ascent upon a hill is said to be facilitated. More or less steam, and consequently more or less power, may be brought into action on the wheels at pleasure, by means of a chain. Steam carriages upon a similar principle are about to be employed between Paris and Versailles.—We

have only one word of comment to make on these reports. There is no doubt that any one of all the steam carriages we have heard of could accomplish these things; but the question, speaking from experience, is, how long will they continue to perform it, and at what cost?

The Graphic Mirror.—This is considered by Mr. Alexander, the inventor, as an improvement on the *Camera Lucida*. We could not satisfy ourselves that it possesses any very obvious superiority; but it is fully equal to it, and, we believe, much cheaper.

The Anaconda.—We learn from the French papers, that a large Anaconda serpent from the East Indies, lately laid, at the Menagerie at Altenbourg in Saxony, 36 eggs. Great care was taken to hatch them, but only one has yet produced a serpent. The reptile, when first hatched, was only the size of the little finger.

Population of Geneva.—The *Journal de Geneve* gives the following account of the population of the city and canton of Geneva:—In the city, the number of souls is 27,177; of whom 12,573 are males, and 14,604 females. Of this number 10,162 are foreigners. The number of Protestants is 21,434; of Catholics, 5,688. The aggregate amount of the population for the whole canton is 56,555: 27,288 males, and 29,367 females. There has been a great increase in the number of foreigners since 1822; and the general increase of the population in the city and canton, since the same period, has been about one-tenth. Taking the whole canton, there is about an equal division of sexes; but in the city, the number of females exceeds that of the males by 2,021; the males being in the proportion of six to seven.

Plagues.—The following entry is found in the guide-book at Chamouni: "Victor Dumont, a merchant, travelling for his pleasure—pleasure incompatible with five daughters, and a perfect deluge of rain."

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Week.	Thermom. W. & M.	Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 10	72	52	29.88	S. to S.W.	Clear.
Frid. 11	82	53	Stat.	W.	Ditto.
Sat. 12	85	58	29.65	S. to S.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 13	78	58	29.66	S.W.	Ditto.
Mon. 14	79	56	29.75	S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 15	82	56	30.02	W.	Ditto.
Wed. 16	88	56	30.03	W.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus. Nights and mornings fair throughout the week. Much lightning on Saturday night. Meteors frequent. Mean temperature of the week, 76°. Greatest variation, 30°. Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.955. Day decreased on Wednesday, 28°.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The Court of Sigismund Augustus; or, Poland in the 16th Century; an Historical Novel, with Notes, &c. By a Polish Refugee.

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